THE

NAVAL OFFICER;

OR,

SCENES AND ADVENTURES

IN THE

LIFE OF FRANK MILDMAY.

My Muse by no means deals in fiction:
She gathers a repertory of facts,
Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
But mostly treats of human things and acts.
*   *   *   *   *
Love, war, a tempest—surely there's variety;
Also a seasoning slight of lucubration;
A bird's-eye view, too, of that wild, society;
A slight glance thrown on men of every station.

DON JUAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE

NAVAL OFFICER.

CHAPTER I.

But who is this? What thing of sea
Comes this way sailing,
Like a stately ship
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim?

SAMSON AGONISTES.

THE privateer was called the True-blooded Yankee. She was first bound to the island of Tristan D'Acunha, where she expected to meet her consort, belonging to the same owners, and who had preceded her when their directions were to cruize between the Cape and Mada-

gascar, for certain homeward bound extra Indiamen, one or two of which she hoped would reward all the trouble and expense of the outfit.

We reached the island without any material incident. I had observed, with concern, that the second mate, whose name was Peleg Oswald, was a sour, ferocious, quarrelsome man; and that although I was kindly treated by the captain, whose name was Peters, and by the chief mate, whose name was Methusalem Solomon, I never could conciliate the good will of Peleg Oswald.

Green, the captain, who came with me, was, from the time I saved his life, an altered man. He had been, as I was informed, a drunken profligate; but from the moment when I received him into my boat, his manners and habits seemed as completely changed as if he were a different being. He never drank more than was sufficient to quench his thirst—he never swore—he never used any offensive language. He read the Scriptures constantly, was regular in

his morning and evening devotion, and on every occasion of quarrel or ill-will in the brig, which was perpetually occurring, Green was the umpire and the peace-maker. He saved the captain and chief mate a world of trouble; by this system, violent language became uncommon on board, punishment was very rare, and very mild. The men were happy, and did their duty with alacrity; and but for Peleg Oswald, all would have been harmony.

We made the island about the 15th of December, when the weather was such as the season of the year might induce us to expect, it being then summer. We hove off to the north or windward side of the island, about two miles from the shore; we dared not go nearer on that side, for fear of what are called the "Rollers"—a phenomenon, it would appear, of terrific magnitude, on that sequestered little spot. On this extraordinary operation of nature, many conjectures have been offered, but no good or satisfactory reason has ever been assigned to satisfy

my mind; for the simple reason, that the same causes would produce the same effect on St. Helena, Ascension, or any other island or promontory exposed to a wide expanse of water. I shall attempt to describe the scene that a succession of Rollers would present, supposing, what has indeed happened, that a vessel is caught on the coast when coming in.

The water will be perfectly smooth—not a breath of wind—when, suddenly, from the north, comes rolling a huge wave, with a glassy surface, never breaking till it meets the resistance of the land, when it dashes down with a noise and a resistless violence that no art or effort of man could elude. It is succeeded by others. No anchorage would hold if there were anchorage to be had; but this is not the case; the water is from ninety to one hundred fathoms deep, and consequently an anchor and cable could scarcely afford a momentary check to any ship when thus assailed; or, if it did, the sea would, by being resisted, divide, break on board, and swamp

her. Such was the fate of the unfortunate ——, a British sloop of war; which, after landing the captain and six men, was caught in the rollers, driven on shore, and every creature on board perished, only the captain and his boat's crew escaping. This unfortunate little vessel was lost, not from want of skill or seamanship in the captain or crew, for a finer set of men never swam salt water; but from their ignorance of this peculiarity of the island, unknown in any other that I ever heard of, at least to such an alarming extent. Driven close in to the land before she could find soundings, at last she let go three anchors; but nothing could withstand the force of the "Rollers," which drove her in upon the beach, when she broke in two as soon as she landed, and all hands perished in sight of the affected captain and his boat's crew, who buried the bodies of their unfortunate shipmates as soon as the sea had delivered them up.

There is another remarkable peculiarity in this island: its shores, to a very considerable

extent out to sea, are surrounded with the plant, called *fucus maximus*, mentioned by Captain Cook; it grows to the depth of sixty fathoms, or one hundred and eighty feet, and reaches in one long stem to the surface, when it continues to run along to the enormous length of three or four hundred feet, with short alternate branches at every foot of its length. Thus, in the stormy ocean, grows a plant, higher and of greater length than any vegetable production of the surface of the earth, not excepting the banyan tree, which, as its branches touch the ground, takes fresh root, and may be said to form a separate tree. These marine plants resist the most powerful attacks of the mightiest elements combined; the winds and the waves in vain combine their force against them; uniting their foliage on the bosom of the waters, they laugh at the hurricane and defy its power. The leaves are alternate; and when the wind ruffles the water, they flap over, one after the other, with a mournful sound, doubly

mournful to us from the sad association of ideas, and the loneliness of the island. The branches or tendrils of these plants are so strong and buoyant, when several of them happen to unite, that a boat cannot pass through them; I tried with my feet what pressure they would bear, and I was convinced that, with a pair of snow shoes, a man might walk over them.

Captain Peters kindly invited me to go on shore with him. We landed with much difficulty, and proceeded to the cottage of a man who had been left there from choice; he resided with his family: and, in imitation of another great personage on an island to the northward of him, styled himself "Emperor." A detachment of British soldiers had been sent from the Cape of Good Hope to take possession of this spot; but after a time they were withdrawn.

His present Imperial Majesty had, at the time of my visit, a black consort, and many snuff-coloured princes and princesses. He was in other respects a perfect Robinson Crusoe; he had a few head of cattle, and some pigs; these

latter have greatly multiplied on the island. Domestic fowls were numerous, and he had a large piece of ground planted with potatoes, the only place south of the Equator which produces them in their native perfection; the land is rich and susceptible of great improvement; and the soil is intersected with numerous running springs over its surface. But it was impossible to look on this lonely spot without recalling to mind the beautiful lines of Cowper—

> "O Solitude, where are the charms
> That sages have seen in thy face?"

Yet in this wild place, alarms and even rebellion had found their way; the Emperor had but one subject, and this Caliban had ventured, in direct violation of an imperial mandate, to kill a fowl for his dinner.

"Rebellion," said the enraged emperor, "is the son of witchcraft, and I am determined to make an example of the offender."

I became the mediator between these two belligerents. I represented to his imperial majesty, that, as far as the matter of example

went, the severity would lose its effect; for his children were as yet too young to be corrupted; and, moreover, as his majesty was so well versed in scripture, he must know that it was his duty to forgive. "Besides," I said, "her majesty the queen has a strong arm, and can always assist in repelling or chastising any future act of aggression or disobedience." I suspect that the moral code of his majesty was not unlike my own: it yielded to the necessities of the time. He must have found it particularly inconvenient not to be on speaking terms with his prime minister and arch chancellor, whom he had banished to the opposite side of the island on pain of death. The sentence was originally for six months; but on my intercession the delinquent was pardoned and restored to favour. I felt much self-complacency when I reflected on this successful instance of my mediatorial power, which had perhaps smothered a civil war in its birth.

The emperor informed me, that an American whaler was lying at the east side of the island,

filling with the oil of the walrus, or sea-horse; that she had been there at an anchor six weeks, and was nearly full. I asked to be shown the spot where the —— was wrecked; he took me to her sad remains. She lay broken in pieces on the rocks; and, not far from her, was a mound of earth, on which was placed a painted piece of board by way of a tombstone. The fate of the vessel, together with the number of sufferers, were marked in rude but concise characters. I do not exactly remember the words, but in substance it stated, that underneath lay the remains of one hundred as fine fellows as ever walked on a plank, and that they had died, like British seamen, doing their duty to the last. This was a melancholy sight, especially to a sailor, who knew not how soon the same fate awaited him.

We rafted off several casks of water during that day, and on the following we completed our water, and then ran to the east-end of the island to anchor near, and wait for our consort the whaler, the captain of which,

had come in his boat to visit us: I conversed with him, and was struck with one remark which he made.

"You Englishmen go to work in a queerish kind of way," said he; "you send a parcel of soldiers to live on an island where none but sailors can be of use. You listen to all that those red coats tell you; they never thrive when placed out of musket-shot from a gin-shop: and because *they* don't like it, you evacuate the island. A soldier likes his own comfort, although very apt to destroy that of other folks; and it a'n't very likely he would go and make a good report of an island that had neither women nor rum, and where he was no better than a prisoner. Now, if brother Jonathan had taken this island, I guess he would a' made it pay for its keep; he would have had two or three crews of whalers, with their wives and families, and all their little comforts about them, with a party of good farmers to till the land, and an officer to command the whole. The island can provide

itself, as you may perceive, and all would have gone on well. It is just as easy to 'fish' the island from the shore as it is in vessel, and indeed much easier. Only land your boilers and casks, and a couple of dozen of good whale-boats, and this island would produce a revenue that would repay with profit all the money laid out upon it, for the sea-horses have no other place to go to, either to shed their coats in the autumn, or bring forth their young in the spring. The fishing and other duties would be a source of amusement to the sailors, who, if they chose, might return home occasionally in the vessels that came to take away the full casks of oil and land the empty ones."

The captain of the whaler returned to his ship, but, I suppose, forgot to give our captain very particular directions about the anchorage. We ran down to the east end of the island, and were just going to bring up, when, supposing himself too near the whaler, Peters chose to run a little further. I should have observed, that

as we rounded the north-east point, the breeze freshed, and the squalls came heavy out of the gullies and deep ravines. We therefore shortened sail, and, passing very near the whaler, they hailed us; but it blew so fresh that we did not hear what they said; and, having increased our distance from the whaler to what was judged proper, let go the anchor.

Ninety fathoms of cable ran out in a crack, before she turned head to-wind; and, to our mortification, we found we had passed the bank upon which the whaler had brought up, and must have dropped our anchor into a well, for we had nineteen fathoms water under the bows, and only seven fathoms under the stern. The moon showed her face, just at this moment, and we had the further satisfaction of perceiving, that we were within fifty yards of a reef of rocks which lay astern of us, with their dirty, black heads above water.

We were very much surprised to find, notwithstanding the depth of water, that, during

the lulls, we rode with a slack cable; but about two o'clock in the morning the cable parted, being cut by the foul ground. All sail was made immediately, but the rocks astern were so close to us, that you might have thrown a biscuit on them, and we thought the cruize of the True-blooded Yankee was at an end; but it proved otherwise, for the same cause which produced the slack cable preserved the vessel. The *fucus maximus* we found had interposed between us and destruction; we had let go our anchor in this sub-marine forest, and had perched, as it were, on the tops of the trees; and, so thick were the leaves and branches, that they held us from driving, and prevented our going on shore when the cable had parted. We dragged slowly through the plants, and were very glad to see ourselves once more clear of this miserable spot.

"Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place."

But I sincerely wish all manner of success to this little empire, though I hope my evil stars will

never take me to it again. We shaped our course for the Cape of Good Hope, for Captain Peters would not run further risk in waiting for the consort privateer.

Poor Thompson, notwithstanding all my exertions in his favour, was exposed to much ill-treatment on board the vessel, on account of his firm and unshaken loyalty. He seldom complained to me, but sometimes vindicated himself by a gentle hint from one of his ample fists on the nose or eye of the offender, and here the matter usuallyended, for his character was so simple and inoffensive, that all the best men in the vessel loved him. One night, a man fell overboard—the weather was fine, and the brig had but little way; they were lowering down the jolly-boat from the stern, when one of the hooks by which she hung by the stern, broke, and four men were precipitated with violence into the water. Two of them could not swim, and all screamed loudly for help as soon as they came up from their dive. Thompson, seeing this, darted

from the stern like a Newfoundland dog, swam to the weakest, supported him to the rudder chains, and, leaving him, went to another, bringing him to the stern of the vessel, and making a rope fast under his arms. In this way he succeeded in saving the whole of these poor fellows. Two of the five would certainly have sank but for his timely assistance, for they were some time before another boat could be got ready; and the other three owned that they much doubted whether they could have reached the vessel without help.

This conduct of Thompson was much applauded by all on board, and some asked him why he ventured his life for people who had used him so ill; he answered, that his mither and his bible taught him to do all the good he could: and as God had given him a strong arm, he hoped he should always use it for the benefit of his brother in need.

It might have been supposed that an act like this would have prevented the recurrence of any

further insult; but the more the Americans perceived Thompson's value, the more eager were they to have him as their own. The second mate, whom I have already described as a rough and brutal fellow, one day proposed to him to belong to their vessel, certain, he added, that he would make his fortune by the capture of two, if not three, extra Indiamen, which they had information of on their passage.

Thompson looked the man fully in the face, and said, " Did ye no hear what I telled the captain the ither day ?"

" Yes," said the man, " I knew that, but that's what we call in our country ' all my eye.' "

" But they do not call it so in my country," said the Caledonian, at the same time planting his fist so full and plump in the left eye of the mate, that he fell like the " *humi bos*," covering a very large part of the deck with his huge carcass.

The man got up, found his face bleeding

plentifully, and his eye closed; but instead of resenting the insult himself, went off and complained to the captain. Many of the Americans, either from hatred or jealousy, went along with him, and clamorously demanded that the Englishman should be punished for striking an officer. When the story, however, came to be fairly explained, the captain said he was bound to confess that the second mate was the aggressor, inasmuch as he had acknowledged that he knew the penalty of the transgression before he committed the act; that he (the captain) had told Thompson, when he made the declaration, that he thought him perfectly right, and, consequently, he was bound to protect him by every law of hospitality as well as gratitude, after his services in saving the lives of their countrymen.

This did not satisfy the crew; they were clamorous for punishment, and a mutiny was actually headed by the second mate. There was, however, a large party on board who were in no humour to see an Englishman treated with such

indignity. Of what country they were may readily be conjectured. The dispute ran high; and I began to think that serious consequences might ensue, for it had continued from the serving of grog at twelve o'clock till near two; when casting my eyes over the larboard quarter, I perceived a sail, and told the captain of it; he instantly hailed the look-out-man at the mast head; but the look-out-man had been so much interested with what was going on upon deck, that he had come down into the maintop to listen.

"Don't you see that sail on the larboard quarter?" said the captain.

"Yes, Sir," said the man.

"And why did you not report her?"

The man could make no reply to this question, for a very obvious reason.

"Come down here," said the captain; "let him be released, Solomon; we will show you a little Yankee discipline."

But before we proceed to the investigation of the crime, or the infliction of punishment, we

must turn our eyes to the great object which rose clearer and clearer every five minutes above the horizon. The privateer was at this time under top sails, and top-gallant-sails, jib, and fore-sail, running to the north-east, with a fine breeze and smooth water.

"Leftenant," said the captain, "what do you think of her?"

"I think," said I, "that she is an extra Indiaman, and if you mean to speak her, you had better put your head towards her under an easy sail; by which means you will be so near by sunset, that if she runs from you, you will be able, with your superior sailing, to keep sight of her all night."

"I guess you are not far wrong in that," said the captain.

"I guess he is directly in the face of the truth," said the chief mate, who had just returned from the main top, where he had spent the last quarter of an hour in the most intense and absorbed attention to the cut of the stran-

ger's sails. "If e'er I saw wood and canvass put together before in the shape of a ship, that there is one of John Bull's bellowing calves of the ocean, and not less than a forty-four gunner."

"What say you to that, leftenant?" said the captain.

"Oh, as to that," said the mate, "it isn't very likely that he's going to tell us the truth."

"Because you would not have done it yourself in the same situation," said I.

"Just so," said the mate.

And in fact, I must own that I had no particular wish to cruize for some months in this vessel, and go back for water at Tristan d'Acunha. I therefore did not use my very best optical skill when I gave my opinion; but as I saw the stranger was nearing us very fast, although we were steering the same way, I made my mind up that I should very soon be out of this vessel, and on my way to England, where all my happiness and prospects were centred.

The chief mate took one more look—the cap-

tain followed his example; they then looked at each other, and pronounced their cruize at an end.

"We are done, Sir," said the mate; "and all owing to that d—d English renegado that you would enter on the books as one of the ship's company. But let's have him aft, and give him his discharge regularly."

"First of all," said the captain, "suppose we try what is to be done with our heels. They used to be good, and I never saw the brass-bottomed sarpent that could come anear us yet. Send the royal yards up—clear away the studding-sails—keep her with the wind just two points abaft the beam, that's her favourite position; and I think we may give the slip to that old-country devil in the course of the night."

I said nothing, but looked very attentively to all that was doing. The vessel was well manned, certainly, and all sail was set upon her in a very expeditious manner.

"Heave the log," said the captain.

They did so; and she was going, by their measurement, nine and six.

"What do you think your ship is doing?" said the captain to me.

"I think," said I, "she is going about eleven knots; and, as she is six miles astern of you, that she will be within gunshot in less than four hours."

"Part of that time shall be spent in paying our debts for this favour," said the captain. "Mr. Solomon, let them seize that *no-nation* rascal up to the main rigging, and hand up two of your most hungry cats. Where is Dick Twist, he that was boatswain's mate of the Statira; and that red-haired fellow, you know, that swam away from the Maidstone in the Rappahanock?"

"You mean carroty Sam, I guess—pass the word for Sam Gall."

The two operators soon appeared, each armed with the instruments of his office; and I must say that, in malignity of construction, they were

equal to any thing used on similar occasions even by Captain G——. The culprit was now brought forward, and to my surprise it was the very man whom Thompson, when in the boat, had thrown overboard for mutiny. I cannot say that I felt sorry for the cause or the effect that was likely to be produced by the disputes of the day.

"Seize him up," said the captain; "you were sent to the mast-head in your regular turn of duty; and you have neglected that duty, by which means we are likely to be taken: so, before my authority ceases, I will shew you a Yankee trick."

"I am an Englishman," said the man, "and appeal to my officer for protection."

The captain looked at me.

"If I am the officer you appeal to," said I, "I do not acknowledge you; you threw off your allegiance when you thought it suited your purpose, and you now wish to resume it to skreen yourself from a punishment which you

richly deserve. I shall certainly not interfere in your favour."

"I was born," roared the cockney, "in Earl Street, Seven Dials—my mother keeps a tripe-shop—I am a true born Briton, and you have no right to flog me."

"You was a Yankee sailor from New London yesterday, and you are a tripe-seller, from Old London to-day. I think I am right in calling you a no-nation rascal, but we will talk about the right another time," said the captain; "meanwhile, Dick Twist, do you begin."

Twist obeyed his orders with skill and accuracy; and having given the prisoner three dozen, that would not have disgraced the leger-de-main of my friend the Farnese Hercules in the brig, Sam Gall was desired to take his turn. Sam acquitted himself *à merveille* with the like number; and the prisoner, after a due proportion of bellowing, was cast loose. I could not helping reflecting how very justly this

captain had got his vessel into jeopardy by first allowing a man to be seduced from his allegiance, and then placing confidence in him.

"Let us now take a look at the chase," said the captain; "zounds, she draws up with us. I can see her bowsprit-cap when she lifts; and half an hour ago I only saw her fore-yard. Cut away the jolly-boat from the stern, Solomon."

The chief mate took a small axe, and, with a steady blow at the end of each davit, divided the falls, and the boat fell into the sea.

"Throw these here two aftermost guns overboard," said the captain; "I guess we are too deep abaft, and they would not be of much use to us in the way of defence, for this is a wapper that's after us."

The guns in a few minutes were sent to their last rest; and for the next half-hour the enemy gained less upon them. It was now about half-past three P. M.; the courage of the Yankees revived; and the second mate reminded the

captain that his black eye had not been reckoned for at the main rigging.

"Nor shall it be," said the captain, "while I command the True-blooded Yankee; what is, is right; no man shall be punished for fair defence after warning. Thompson, come and stand aft."

The man was in the act of obeying this order, when he was seized on by some six or eight of the most turbulent, who began to tear off his jacket.

"Avast there, shipmates!" said Twist and Gall, both in a breath. "We don't mind touching up such a chap as this here tripeman; but not the scratch of a pin does Thompson get in this vessel. He is one of us; he is a seaman every inch of him, and you must flog us, and some fifty more, if once you begin; for d——n my eyes if we don't heave the log with the second mate, and then lay-to till the frigate comes along side."

The mutineers stood aghast for a few seconds;

but the second mate, jumping on a gun, called out,

"Who's of our side? Are we going to be bullied by these d——d Britishers?"

"You are," said I, "if doing an act of justice is bullying. You are in great danger, and I warn you of it. I perceive the force of those whom you pretend to call Americans; and though I am the last man in the world to sanction an act of treachery by heaving the ship to, yet I caution you to beware how you provoke the bull-dog, who has only broke his master's chain 'for a lark,' and is ready to return to him. I am your guest, and therefore your faithful friend; use your utmost endeavours to escape from your enemy. I know what she is, for I know her well; and, if I am not much mistaken, you have scarcely more time, with all your exertions, than to pack up your things; for be assured, you will not pass twelve hours more under your own flag."

This address had a tranquillizing effect. The captain, Captain Green, and Solomon, walked aft; and, to their great dismay, saw distinctly the water line of the pursuing frigate.

"What can be done?" said the captain; "she has gained on us in this manner, while the people were all aft settling that infernal dispute. Throw two more of the after guns overboard."

This order was obeyed with the same celerity as the former, but not with the same success. The captain now began to perceive, what was pretty obvious to me before, namely, that by dropping the boat from the extreme end of the vessel, where it hung like the pea on the steelyard, he did good; the lightening her also of the two aftermost guns, hanging over the dead wood of the vessel, were in like manner serviceable. But here he should have stopped; the effect of throwing the next two guns overboard was pernicious. The vessel fell by the head; her stern was out of the water; she steered wild,

yawed, and decreased in her rate of sailing in a surprising manner.

"Cut away the bower anchors," said the captain.

The stoppers were cut, and the anchors dropped; the brig immediately recovered herself from her oppression, as it were, and resumed her former velocity; but the enemy had by this time made fearful approaches. The only hope of the captain and his crew was in the darkness; and as this darkness came on, my spirits decreased, for I greatly feared that we should have escaped. The sun had sunk some time below the horizon; the cloud of sail coming up a-stern of us began to be indistinct, and at last disappeared altogether in a black squall: we saw no more of her for nearly two hours.

I walked the deck with Green and the captain. The latter seemed in great perturbation; he had hoped to make his fortune, and retire from the toils and cares of a sea-life in some snug corner of the Western settlements, where

he might cultivate a little farm, and lead the life of an honest man; "for *this* life," said he, "I am free to confess, is, after all, little better than highway robbery."

Whether the moral essay of the captain was the effect of his present danger, I will not pretend to say. I only know, that if the reader will turn back to some parts of my history, he will find me very often in a similar mood, on similar occasions.

The two captains and the chief mate now retired, after leaving me meditating by myself over the larboard gunwhale, just before the main rigging. The consultation seemed to be of great moment; and, as I afterwards learned, was to decide what course they should steer, seeing that they evidently lost sight of their pursuer. I felt all my hopes of release vanish as I looked at them, and had made up my mind to go to New York.

At this moment, a man came behind me, as if to get a pull at the top-gallant sheets; and while

he hung down upon it with a kind of "yeo-ho," he whispered in my ear—"You may have the command of the brig if you like. We are fifty Englishmen—we will heave her to and hoist a light, if you will only say the word, and promise us our free pardon."

I pretended at first not to hear, but, turning round, I saw Mr. Twist.

"Hold, villain!" said I; "do you think to redeem one act of treachery by another? and do you dare to insult the honour of a naval officer with a proposal so infamous? Go to your station instantly, and think yourself fortunate that I do not denounce you to the captain, who has a perfect right to throw you overboard—a fate which your chain of crimes fully deserves."

The man skulked away, and I went off to the captain, to whom I related the circumstance, desiring him to be on his guard against treachery.

"Your conduct, Sir," said the captain, "is what I should have expected from a British

naval officer; and since you have behaved so honourably, I will freely tell you that my intention is to shorten sail to the topsails and foresail, and haul dead on a wind into that dark squall to the southward."

"As you please," said I; "you cannot expect that I should advise, nor would you believe me if I said I wished you success; but rely on it I will resist, by every means in my power, any unfair means to dispossess you of your command."

"I thank you, Sir," said the captain, mournfully; and, without losing any more time in useless words, "Shorten sail there," continued he, with a low but firm voice; "take in the lower and topmost studding-sail—hands aloft—in top-gallant studding-sails, and roll up the top-gallant sails."

All this appeared to be done with surprising speed, even to me who had been accustomed to very well conducted ships of war. One mistake, however, was made; the lower studding-sail,

instead of being hauled in on deck, was let to fall overboard, and towed some time under the larboard bow before it was reported to the officers.

"Haul in the larboard braces—brace sharp up—port the helm, and bring her to the wind, quarter-master."

"Port, it is, Sir," said the man at the helm, and the vessel was close hauled upon the starboard tack; but she did not seem to move very fast, although she had a square mainsail, boom mainsail, and jib.

"I think we have done them at last," said the captain; "what do you think, leftenant?" giving me a hearty but very friendly slap on the back. "Come, what say you; shall we take a cool bottle of London particular after the fatigues of the day?"

"Wait a little," said I, "wait a little."

"What are you looking at there to windward?" said the captain, who perceived that my eye was fixed on a particular point.

Before I had time to answer, Thompson came up to me and said, "there is the ship, Sir," pointing to the very spot on which I was gazing. The captain heard this; and, as fear is ever quick-sighted, he instantly caught the object.

"Running is of no use now," said he; "we have tried her off the wind, our best going; she beats us at that; and on a wind, I don't think so much of her; but still, with this smooth water and fine breeze, she ought to move better. Solomon, there is something wrong, give a look all round."

Solomon went forward on the starboard side, but saw nothing. As he looked over the gangway and bow, coming round on the lee side of the forecastle, he saw some canvass hanging on one of the night-heads—"What have we here?" said he. No one answered. He looked over the fore chains, and found the whole lower studding-sail towing in the water.

"No wonder she don't move," said the mate; "here is enough to stop the Constitution herself.

Who took in this here lower studding sail?—But, never mind, we'll settle that to-morrow. Come over here, you forecastle men."

Some of the Americans came over to him, but not with very great alacrity. The sail could not be pulled in, as the vessel had too much way; and while they were ineffectually employed about it, the flash of a gun was seen to windward; and as the report reached our ears, the shot whistled over our heads, and darted like lightning through the boom mainsail.

"Hurra for old England," said Thompson; "the fellow that fired that shot shall drink my allowance of grog to-morrow."

"Hold your tongue, you d——d English rascal," said the second mate, "or I'll stop your grog for ever."

"I don't think you will," said the North Briton, "and if you take a friend's advice, you won't try." Thompson was standing on the little round-house or poop; the indignant mate jumped up, and collared him. Thompson disen-

gaged him in the twinkling of an eye, and with one blow of his right hand in the pit of the man's stomach, sent him reeling over to leeward. He fell—caught at the boom-sheet—missed it, and tumbled into the sea, from whence he rose no more.

All was now confusion. " A man overboard !" —another shot from the frigate—another and another in quick succession. The fate of the man was forgotten in the general panic. One shot cut the aftermost main-shroud ; another went through the boat on the booms. The frigate was evidently very near us. The men all rushed down to seize their bags and chests ; the captain took me by the hand, and said " Sir, I surrender myself to you, and give you leave now to act as you think proper."

" Thompson," said I, " let go the main-sheet, and the main-brace." Running forward myself, I let go the main-tack, and bowlines ; the main-yard came square of itself. Thompson got a

lantern, which he held up on the starboard quarter.

The frigate passed close under the stern, shewing a beautiful pale side, with a fine tier of guns; and, hailing us, desired to know what vessel it was.

I replied, that it was the True-blooded Yankee of Boston—that she had hove' to and surrendered.

CHAPTER II.

"It is not," says Blake, "the business of a seaman to mind state affairs, but to hinder foreigners from fooling us."

DR. JOHNSON'S *Life of Blake.*

THE frigate came to the wind close under our lee, and a boat from her was alongside in a very few minutes. The officer who came to take possession, leaped up the side, and was on the deck in a moment. I received him, told him in few words what the vessel was, introducing the captain and Green, both of whom I recommended to his particular notice and attention for the kindness they had shewn to me. I then requested he would walk down into the cabin,

leaving a midshipman whom he brought with him in charge of the deck, and who, in the meanwhile, he directed to haul the mainsail up, and make the vessel snug. The prisoners were desired to pack up their things, and be ready to quit in one hour.

When lights were brought in the cabin, the lieutenant and myself instantly recognized each other.

"Bless my soul, Frank," said he, "what brought you here?"

"That," said I, "is rather a longer story than could be conveniently told before to-morrow; but may I ask what ship has taken the Yankee? I conclude it is the R——; and what rank does friend Talbot hold in her?"

"The frigate," said he, "*is* the R——, as you conjectured. We are on the Cape station. I am first of her, and sent out here on promotion for the affair of Basque Roads.

"Hard, indeed," said I, "that you should have waited so long for what you so nobly

earned; but come, we have much to do. Let us look to the prisoners, and if you will return on board, taking with you the captain, mate, and a few of the hands, whom I will select, as the most troublesome, and the most careless, I will do all I can to have the prize ready for making sail by day-light, when, if Captain T—— will give me leave, I will wait on him."

This was agreed to. The people whom I pointed out, were put into the boat, four of whose crew came aboard the brig to assist me. We soon arranged every thing, so as to be ready for whatever might be required. A boat returned with a fresh supply of hands, taking back about twenty more prisoners; and the midshipman, who brought them, delivered also a civil message from the captain, to say, he was glad to have the prize in such good hands, and would expect me to breakfast with him at eight o'clock; in the meantime, he desired, that as soon I was ready to make sail, I should signify the same by shewing two lights at the same height

in the main rigging, and that we should then keep on a wind to the northward under a plain sail.

This was completed by four A. M., when we made the signal, and kept on the weather quarter of the frigate. I took a couple of hours' sleep, was called at six, dressed myself, and prepared to go on board at half past seven. I heard her drum and fife beat to quarters, the sweetest music next to the heavenly voice of Emily, I had ever heard. The tears rolled down my cheeks with gratitude to God, for once more placing me under the protection of my beloved flag. The frigate hove to; soon after, the gig was lowered down, and came to fetch me; a clean white cloak was spread in the stern sheets: the men were dressed in white frocks and trowsers, as clean as hands could make them, with neat straw hats, and canvas shoes. I was seated in the boat without delay, and my heart beat with rapture when the boatswain's mate at the gangway piped the side for me.

I was received by the captain and officers with all the kindness and affection which we lavish on each other on such occasions. The captain asked me a thousand questions, and the lieutenants and midshipmen all crowded round me to hear my answers. The ship's company were also curious to know our history, and I requested the captain would send the gig back for Thompson, who would assist me in gratifying the general curiosity. This was done, and the brave, honest fellow came on board. The first question he asked was, "Who fired the first shot at the prize?"

"It was Mr. Spears, the first lieutenant of marines," said one of the men.

"Then Mr. Spears must have my allowance of grog for the day," said Thompson; "for I said it last night, and I never go from my word."

"That I am ready to swear to," said Captain Peters, of the privateer: "I have known men of good resolutions, and you are one of them;

and I have known men of bad resolutions, and he was one of them whom you sent last night to his long account; and it was fortunate for you that you did; for as sure as you now stand here, that man would have compassed your death, either by dagger, by water, or by poison. I never knew or heard of the man who had struck or injured Peleg Oswald with impunity. He was a Kentucky man, of the Ohio, where he had 'squatted,' as we say; but he shot two men with his rifle, because they had declined exchanging some land with him. He had gouged the eye out of a third, for some trifling difference of opinion. These acts obliged him to quit the country; for, not only were the officers of justice in pursuit of him, but the man who had lost one eye kept a sharp look out with the other, and Peleg would certainly have had a rifle ball in his ear if he had not fled eastward, and taken again to the sea, to which he was originally brought up. I did not know all his history till long after he and I became ship-

mates. He would have been tried for his life; but having made some prize money, he contrived to buy off his prosecutors. I should have unshipped him next cruize, if it had pleased God I had got safe back."

While Peters was giving this little history of his departed mate, the captain's breakfast was announced, and the two American captains were invited to partake of it. As we went down the ladder under the half deck, Peters and Green could not help casting an eye of admiration at the clean and clear deck, the style of the guns, and perfect union of the useful and ornamental, so inimitably blended as they are sometimes found in our ships of war. There was nothing in the captain's repast beyond cleanliness, plenty, hearty welcome, and cheerfulness.

The conversation turned on the nature, quality, and number of men in the privateer. "They are all seamen," said Peters, "except the ten black fellows."

"Some of them, I suspect, are English," said I.

"It is not for me to peach," said the wary American. "It is difficult always tó know whether a man who has been much in both countries is a native of Boston in Lincolnshire, or Boston in Massachusetts; and perhaps they don't always know themselves. We never ask questions when a seaman ships for us."

"You have an abundance of our seamen, both in your marine and merchant service," said our captain.

"Yes," said Green; "and we are never likely to want them, while you impress for us."

"*We* impress for you?" said Captain T——, "how do you prove that?"

"Your impressment," said the American, "fills our ships. Your seamen will not stand it; and for every two men you take by force, rely on it, we get one of them as a volunteer."

Peters dissented violently from this propo-

sition, and appeared angry with Green for making the assertion.

"I see no reason to doubt it," said Green; "I know how our fighting ships, as well as our traders, are manned. I will take my oath that more than two-thirds have run from the British navy, because they were impressed. You yourself have said so in my hearing, Peters—look at your crew."

Peters could stand conviction no longer; he burst into the most violent rage with Green; said that what ought never to have been owned to a British officer, he had let out; that it was true that America looked upon our system of impressment as the sheet-anchor of her navy; but he was sorry the important secret should ever have escaped from an American.

"For my part," resumed Green, "I feel so deeply indebted to this gallant young Englishman for his kindness to me, that I am for ever the friend of himself and his country, and have

sworn never to carry arms against Great Britain, unless to repel an invasion of my own country."

Breakfast ended, we all went on deck; the ship and her prize were lying to; the hands were turned up; all the boats hoisted out; the prisoners and their luggage taken out of the prize, and, as the crew of the privateer came on board, they were all drawn up on the quarter-deck, and many of them known and proved to be Englishmen. When taxed and reproached for their infamous conduct, they said it was owing to them that the privateer had been taken, for that they had left the lower studding-sail purposely hanging over the night-head, and towing in the water, by which the way of the vessel had been impeded.

Captain Peters, who heard this confession, was astonished; and the captain of the frigate observed to him, that such conduct was exactly that which might be expected from any traitor to his country. Then, turning to the prisoners,

he said, "the infamy of your first crime could scarcely have been increased; but your treachery to the new government, under which you had placed yourselves, renders you unworthy of the name of men; nor have you even the miserable merit you claim of having contributed to the capture, since we never lost sight of the chase from the first moment we saw her, and from the instant she hauled her wind, we knew she was ours."

The men hung down their heads, and when dismissed to go below, none of the crew of the frigate would receive them into their messes; but the real Americans were kindly treated.

We shaped our course for Simon's Bay, where we arrived in one week after the capture.

The admiral on the station refused to try the prisoners by a court-martial; he said it was rather a state question, and should send them all to England, where the lords of the admiralty might dispose of them as they thought proper.

The "True-blooded Yankee" was libelled in

the vice admiralty court at Cape Town, condemned as a lawful prize, and purchased into the service; and, being a very fine vessel of her class, the admiral was pleased to say, that as I had been so singularly unfortunate, he would give me the command of her as a lieutenant, and send me to England with some despatches, which had been waiting an opportunity.

This was an arrangement far more advantageous to me than I could have expected; but what rendered it still more agreeable was, that my friend Talbot, who was the first to shake me by the hand on board the prize, begged a passage home with me, he having, by the last packet, received his commander's commission. The admiral, at my request, also gave Captains Peters and Green permission to go home with me. Mungo, the black man, and Thompson, the quarter-master, with the midshipman who had been with me in the boat, were also of the party. My crew was none of the very best, as might be supposed; but I was not in a state to

make difficulties; and, with half-a-dozen of the new Negroes, taken out of the trader, I made up such a ship's company as I thought would enable me to run to Spithead.

We laid in a good stock of provisions at the Cape. The Americans begged to be allowed to pay their part; but this I positively refused, declaring myself too happy in having them as my guests. I purchased all Captain Peters's wine and stock, giving him the full value for it. Mungo was appointed steward, for I had taken a great fancy to him; and my friend Talbot having brought all his things on board, and the admiral having given my final orders, I sailed from Simon's Bay for England.

There is usually but little of incident in a run home of this sort. I was not directed to stop at St. Helena, and had no inclination to loiter on my way. I carried sail night and day to the very utmost. Talbot and myself became inseparable friends, and our cabin mess was one of perfect harmony. We avoided all national

reflections, and abstained as much as possible from politics. I made a confident of Talbot in my love affair with Emily. Of poor Eugenia, I had long before told him a great deal.

One day at dinner we happened to talk of swimming. "I think," said Talbot, "that my friend Frank is as good a hand at that as any of us. Do you remember when you swam away from the frigate at Spithead, to pay a visit to your friend, Mrs. Melpomene, at Point?"

"I do," said I, "and also how generously you showered the musket-balls about my ears for the same."

"Your escape from either drowning or shooting on that occasion, among many others," said the commander, "makes me augur something more serious of your future destiny."

"That may be," said I; "but I dispute the legality of your act, in trying to kill me before you knew who I was, or what I was about. I might have been mad, for what you knew; or I might have belonged to some other ship; but, in

any event, had you killed me, and had my body been found, a coroner's inquest would have gone very hard with you, and a jury still worse."

"I should have laughed at them," said Talbot.

"You might have found it no laughing matter," said I.

"How?" replied Talbot, "what are sentinels placed for, and loaded with ball?"

"To defend the ship," said I; "to give warning of approaching danger; to prevent men going out of the ship without leave; but never to take away the life of a man unless in defence of their own, or when the safety of the king's ship demands it."

"I deny your conclusion," said Talbot; "the articles of war denounce death to all deserters."

"True," said I, "they do, and also to many other crimes; but those crimes must first of all be proved before a court-martial. Now you cannot prove that I was deserting, and if you could, you had not the power to inflict death on me

unless I was going towards the enemy. I own I was disobeying your orders, but even that would not have subjected me to more than a slight punishment, while your arbitrary act would have deprived the king, as I flatter myself, of a loyal, and not a useless subject; and if my body had not been found, no good could have accrued to the service from the severity of example. On the contrary, many would have supposed I had escaped, and been encouraged to make the same attempt."

"I am very sorry now," said Talbot, "that I did not lower down a boat to send after you; however, it has been a comfort to me since to reflect that the marines missed you."

This ended the subject: we walked the deck a little, talked of sweethearts, shaped the course for the night to make Fayal, which we were not far from, and then returned to our beds.

Falling into a sound sleep, it was natural that the conversation of the evening should have dwelt on my mind, and a strange mixture of disjointed

thoughts, a compound of reason and insanity, haunted me till the morning. Trinidad and Emily, the Nine-Pin Rock, and the mysterious Eugenia, with her supposed son; the sinking wreck, and the broken schooner, all appeared separately or together.

> "When nature rests,
> Oft, in her absence, mimic fancy wakes."

I thought I saw Emily standing on the pinnacle of the Nine-Pin Rock, just as Lord Nelson is represented on the monument in Dublin, or Bonaparte in that of the Place Vendome; but with a grace as far superior to either, as the Nine-Pin Rock is in majesty and natural grandeur to those works of human art.

Emily, I thought, was clad in complete mourning, but looking radiant in health and loveliness, although with a melancholy countenance. The dear image of my mistress seemed to say, "I shall never come down from this pinnacle without your assistance." "Then," thinks I, "you

will never come down at all." Then I thought Eugenia was queen of Trinidad, and that it was she who had placed Emily out of my reach on the rock; and I was intreating her to let Emily come down, when Thompson tapped at my cabin-door, and told me that it was day-light, and that they could see the island of Fayal in the north-east, distant about seven leagues.

I dressed myself, and went on deck, saw the land, and a strange sail steering to the westward. The confounded dream still running in my head—like Adam, I "liked it not," and yet I thought myself a fool for not dismissing such idle stuff; still it would not go away. The Americans came on deck soon after; and seeing the ship steering to the westward, asked if I meant to speak her. I replied in the affirmative. We had then as much sail as we could carry; and as she had no wish to avoid us, but kept on her course, we were soon alongside of her. She proved to be a cartel, bound to New York with American prisoners.

In case of meeting with any vessel bound to the United States, the admiral had given me permission to send my prisoners home without carrying them to England. I had not mentioned this either to Peters or Green, for fear of producing disappointment; but when I found I could dispose of them so comfortably, I acquainted them with my intention. Their joy and gratitude were beyond all description; they thanked me a thousand times, as they did my friend Talbot for our kindness to them.

"Leftenant," said Peters, "I am not much accustomed to the company of you Englishmen; and if I have always thought you a set of tyrants and bullies, it arn't my fault. I believed what I was told; but now I have seen for myself, and I find the devil is never so black as he is painted." I bowed to the Yankee compliment. "Howsoever," he continued, "I should like to have a sprinkling of shot between us on fair terms. Do you bring this here brig to our waters; I hope to get another just like her, and

as I know you are a d——d good fellow, and would as soon have a dust as sit down to dinner, I should like to try to get the command of the True-blooded Yankee again."

"If you man your next brig, as you manned the last, with all your best hands Englishmen," said I, "I fear I should find it no easy matter to defend myself."

"That's as it may be," said the captain; "no man fights better than he with a halter round his neck: and remember what neighbour Green has said, for he has 'let the cat out of the bag:' we should have no Englishmen in our service, if they had not been pressed into yours."

I could make no return to this salute, because, like the gunner at Landguard Fort, I had no powder, and, in fact, I felt the rebuke.

Green stood by, but never opened his lips until the captain had finished; then holding out his hand to me, with his eyes full of tears, and his voice almost choked, "Farewell, my excellent friend," said he; "I shall never forget

you; you found me a villain, and, by the blessing of God, you have made me an honest man. Never, never, shall I forget the day when, at the risque of your own life, you came to save one so unworthy of your protection; but God bless you! and if ever the fortune of war should send you a prisoner to my country, here is my address—what is mine is yours, and so you shall find."

The man who had mutinied in the boat, and afterwards entered on board the privateer, who was sent home with me to take his trial, held out his hand to Captain Green, as he passed him, to wish him good by, but he turned away, saying, "A traitor to his country is a traitor to his God. I forgive you for the injury you intended to do me, and the more so, as I feel I brought it on myself; but I cannot degrade myself by offering you the hand of fellowship."

So saying, he followed Captain Peters into the boat. I accompanied them to the cartel, where, having satisfied myself that they had

every comfort, I left them. Green was so overcome that he could not speak, and poor Mungo could only say, "Good by, massa leptenant, me tinkee you berry good man."

I returned to my own vessel, and made sail for England: once more we greeted the white cliffs of Albion, so dear to every true English bosom. No one but he who has been an exile from its beloved shores, can fully appreciate the thrill of joy on such an occasion. We ran through the Needles, and I anchored at Spithead, after an absence of fourteen months. I waited on the admiral, shewed him my orders, and reported the prisoners, whom he desired me to discharge into the flag ship; "and now," said he, "after your extraordinary escape, I will give you leave to run up to town and see your family, to whom you are no doubt an object of great interest."

Here a short digression is necessary.

CHAPTER III.

> Such was my brother too,
> So went he suited to his watery tomb:
> If spirits can assume both form and suit,
> You come to fright us.
>
> *Twelfth Night.*

Soon after the frigate which had taken me off from NewProvidence had parted company with the American prize that I was sent on board of, the crew of the former, it appeared, had been boasting among the American prisoners of the prize-money they should receive.

"Not you," said the Yankees; "you will never see your prize any more, nor any one that went in her."

These words were repeated to the captain

of the frigate, when he questioned the mate and the crew, and the whole nefarious transaction came out. They said the ship was sinking when they left her, and that was the reason they had hurried into the boat. The mate said it was impossible to get at the leaks, which were in the fore peak, and under the cabin deck in the run; that he wondered Captain Green had not made it known, but he supposed he must have been drunk: "the ship," continued the mate, "must have gone down in twelve hours after we left her."

This was reported to the Admiralty by my captain, and my poor father was formally acquainted with the fatal story. Five months had elapsed since I was last heard of, and all hopes of my safety had vanished: this was the reason that when I knocked at the door, I found the servant in mourning: he was one who had been hired since my departure, and did not know me. Of course he expressed no surprise at seeing me.

"Good Heavens!" said I, "who is dead?"

"My master's only son, Sir," said the man, "Mr. Frank, drowned at sea."

"Oh! is that all?" said I, "I am glad it's no worse."

The man concluded that I was an unfeeling brute, and stared stupidly at me as I brushed by him and ran up stairs to the drawing-room. I ought to have been more guarded; but, as usual, I followed the impulse of my feelings. I opened the door, when I saw my sister sitting at a table in deep mourning, with another young lady whose back was turned towards me. My sister screamed as soon as she saw me. The other lady turned round, and I beheld my Emily, my dear, dear Emily: she too was in deep mourning. My sister, after screaming, fell on the floor in a swoon. Emily instantly followed her example, and there they both lay, like two petrified queens in Westminster Abbey. It was a beautiful sight, "pretty, though a plague."

I was confoundedly frightened myself, and

thought I had done a very foolish thing; but as I had no time to lose, I rang the bell furiously, and seeing some jars with fresh flowers in them, I caught them up and poured plentiful libations over the faces and necks of the young ladies; but Emily came in for much the largest share, which proves that I had neither lost my presence of mind or my love for her.

My sister's maid, Higgins, was the first to answer the drawing-room bell, which, from its violent ringing, announced some serious event. She came bouncing into the room like a *recouchée* shot. She was an old acquaintance of mine; I had often kissed her when a boy, and she had just as often boxed my ears. I used to give her a ribbon to tie up her jaw with, telling her at the same time that she had too much of it. This Abigail, like a true lady's maid, seeing me, whom she thought a ghost, standing bolt upright, and the two ladies stretched out, as she supposed, dead, gave a loud and most interesting scream, ran out of the room for her life, nearly knock-

ing down the footman, whom she met coming in.

This fellow, who was a country lout, the son of one of my father's tenants, only popped his head into the door, and saw the ladies lying on the carpet; he had probably formed no very good opinion of me from the manner in which I had received the news of my own demise, and seemed very much inclined to act the part of a mandarin, that is, nod his head and stand still.

" Desire some of the women to come here immediately," said I; " some one that can be of use; tell them to bring salts, eau de cologne, any thing. Fly, blockhead, goose, what do you stand staring at?"

The fellow looked at me, and then at the supposed corpses, which he must have thought I had murdered; and, either thunderstruck, or doubting whether he had any right to obey me, kept his head inside the door and his body outside, as if he had been in the pillory.

I saw that he required some explanation, and cried out, "I am Mr. Frank; will you obey me, or shall I throw this jar at your head?" brandishing one of the china vases.

Had I been inclined to have thrown it, I should have missed him, for the fellow was off like a wounded porpoise. Down he ran to my father in the library; "Oh, Sir—good news—bad news—good news—"

"What news, fool?" said my father, rising hastily from his chair.

"Oh, Sir, I don't know, Sir; but I believe, Sir, Mr. Frank is alive again, and both the ladies *is* dead."

My poor father, whose health and constitution had not recovered the shock of my supposed death, tremblingly leaned over his table, on which he rested his two hands, and desired the man to repeat what he had said. This the fellow did, half crying, and my father, easily comprehending the state of things, came upstairs. I would have flown into his arms,

but mine were occupied in supporting my sweet Emily, while my poor sister lay senseless on the other side of me; for Clara's lover was not at hand, and she still lay in abeyance.

By this time "the hands were turned up," every body was on the alert, and every living creature in the house, not excepting the dog, had assembled in the drawing-room. The maids that had known me cried and sobbed most piteously, and the new comer kept them company from sympathy. The coachman, and footman, and groom, all blubbered and stared; and one brought water, and one a basin, and the looby of a footman something else, which I must not name; but in his hurry he had snatched up the first utensil that he thought might be of use; I approved of his zeal, but nodded to him to retire. Unluckily for him, the housemaid perceived the mistake which his absence of thought had led him into; and, snatching the mysterious vessel with her left hand, she hid it under her apron, while with her right she

gave the poor fellow such a slap on the cheek, as to bring to my mind the tail of the whale descending on the boat at Bermuda. "You great fool," said she, "nobody wants that."

"There is matrimony in that slap," said I; and the event proved I was right—they were *asked* in church the Sunday following.

The industrious application of salts, cold water, and burnt rags, together with chafing of temples, opening of collars, and loosening the stay-laces of the young ladies, produced the happiest effects. Every hand, and every tongue, was in motion; and with all these remedies, the eyes of the enchanting Emily opened, and beamed upon me, spreading joy and gladness over the face of creation, like the sun rising out of the bosom of the Atlantic, to cheer the inhabitants of the Antilles after a frightful hurricane. In half an hour, all was right; "the guns were secured—we beat the retreat;" the servants retired. I became the centre of the picture. Emily held my right, my father

my left; dear Clara hung round my neck. Questions were put and answered as fast as sobs and tears would admit of their being heard. The interlude was filled up with the sweetest kisses from the rosiest of lips; and I was in this half hour rewarded for all I had suffered since I had sailed from England in the diabolical brig for Barbadoes.

It was, I own, exceedingly wrong to have taken the house, as it were, by storm, when I knew they were in mourning for me; but I forgot that other people did not require the same stimulus as myself. I begged pardon; was kissed again and again, and forgiven. Oh, it was worth while to offend to be forgiven by such lips, and eyes, and dimples. But I am afraid this thought is borrowed from some prose or poetry; if so, the reader must forgive me, and so must the author, who may have it again, now I have done with it, for I shall never use it any more.

My narrative was given with as much modesty

and brevity as time and circumstances would admit. The coachman was despatched on one of the best carriage-horses express to Mr. Somerville, and the mail coach was loaded with letters to all the friends and connexions of the family.

This ended, each retired to dress for dinner. What a change had one hour wrought in this house of mourning, now suddenly turned into a house of joy! Alas! how often is the picture reversed in human life! The ladies soon re-appeared in spotless white; emblems of their pure minds. My father had put off his sables, and the servants came in their usual liveries, which were very splendid.

Dinner being announced, my father handed off Emily; I followed with my sister. Emily, looking over her shoulder, said, "Don't be jealous, Frank."

My father laughed, and I vowed revenge for this little satirical hit.

"You know the forfeit," said I, "and you shall pay it."

"I am happy to say that I am both able and willing," said she, and we sat down to dinner, but not before my father had given thanks in a manner more than usually solemn and emphatic. This essential act of devotion, so often neglected, brought tears into the eyes of all. Emily sank into her chair, covered her face with her pocket handkerchief, and relieved herself with tears. Clara did the same. My father shook me by the hand, and said, "Frank, this is a very different kind of repast to what we had yesterday. How little did we know of the happiness that was in store for us!"

The young ladies dried their eyes, but had lost their appetites: in vain did Emily endeavour to manage the tail of a small smelt. I filled a glass of wine to each. "Come," said I, "in sea phrase, spirits are always more easily stowed away than dry provisions; let us drink

each other's health, and then we shall get on better."

They took my advice, and it answered the purpose. Our repast was cheerful, but tempered and corrected by a feeling of past sorrow, and a deep sense of great mercies from Heaven.

> "If Heaven were every day like this,
> Then 'twere indeed a Heaven of bliss."

Reader, I know you have long thought me a vain man—a profligate, unprincipled Don Juan, ready to pray when in danger, and to sin when out of it: but as I have always told you the truth, even when my honour and character were at stake, I expect you will believe me now, when I say a word in my own favour. That I felt gratitude to God for my deliverance and safe return, I do most solemnly aver; my heart was ready to burst with the escape of this feeling, which I suppressed from a false sense of shame, though I never was given much to the

melting mood; moreover, I was too proud to shew what I thought a weakness, before the great he-fellows of footmen. Had we been in private, I could have fallen down on my knees before that God whom I had so often offended; who had rescued me twice from the jaws of the shark; who had lifted me from the depth of the sea when darkness covered me; who had saved me from the poison and the wreck, and guided me clear of the rock at Trinidad; and who had sent the dog to save me from a horrible death.

These were only a small part of the mercies I had received; but they were the most recent, and consequently had left the deepest impression on my memory. I would have given one of Emily's approving smiles, much as I valued them, to have been relieved from my oppressed feelings by a hearty flood of tears, and by a solemn act of devotion and thanksgiving; but I felt all this, and that feeling, I hope, was accounted to me for righteousness. For the

first time in my life, the love of God was mixed up with a pure and earthly love for Emily, and affection for my family.

The ladies sat with us some time after the cloth was removed, unable to drag themselves away, while I related my "hair-breadth escapes." When I spoke of the incident of trying to save the poor man who fell overboard from the brig—of my holding him by the collar, and being dragged down with him until the sea became dark over my head—Emily could bear it no longer; she jumped up, and falling on her knees, hid her lovely face in my sister's lap, passionately exclaiming, "Oh, do not, do not, my dear Frank, tell me any more—I cannot bear it—indeed, I cannot bear it."

We all gathered round her, and supported her to the drawing-room, where we diverted ourselves with lighter and gayer anecdotes. Emily tried a tune on the pianoforte, and attempted a song; but it would not do: she could not sing a gay one, and a melancholy one over-

powered her. At twelve o'clock, we all retired to our apartments, and before I slept I spent some minutes in devotion, with vows of amendment which I fully intended to keep.

The next morning, Mr. Somerville joined us at breakfast. This was another trial of feeling for poor Emily, who threw herself into her father's arms, and sobbed aloud. Mr. Somerville shook me most cordially by the hand with both of his, and eagerly demanded the history of my extraordinary adventures, of which I gave him a small abridgment. I had taken the opportunity of an hour's *tête-à-tête* with Emily, which Clara had considerately given us before breakfast, to speak of our anticipated union; and finding there were no other obstacles than those which are usually raised by "maiden pride and bashful coyness," so natural, so becoming, and so lovely in the sex, I determined to speak to the grey-beards on the subject.

To this, Emily at last consented, on my reminding her of my late narrow escapes. As

soon, therefore, as the ladies had retired from the dinner table, I asked my father to fill a bumper to their health; and, having swallowed mine in all the fervency of the most unbounded love, I popped the question to them both. Mr. Somerville and my father looked at each other, when the former said,

"You seem to be in a great hurry, Frank."

"Not greater, Sir," said I, "than the object deserves." He bowed, and my father began:

"I cannot say," observed the good old gentleman, "that I much approve of matrimony before you are a commander. At least, till then, you are not your own master."

"Oh, if I am to wait for that, Sir," said I, "I may wait long enough; no man is ever his own master in our service, or in England. The captain is commanded by the admiral, the admiral by the Admiralty, the Admiralty by the Privy Council, the Privy Council by the Parliament, the Parliament by the people, and the people by printers and their devils."

"I admire your logical chain of causes and effects," said my father; "but we must, after all, go to the *lace manufactory* at Charing-cross, to see if we cannot have your shoulders fitted with a pair of epaulettes. When we can see you command your own sloop of war, I shall be most happy, as I am sure my good friend Somerville will be also, to see you command his daughter, the finest and the best girl in the county of ——."

No arguments could induce the two old gentlemen to bate one inch from these *sine qua non*. It was agreed that application should be made to the Admiralty forthwith for my promotion; and when that desirable step was obtained, that then Emily should have the disposal of me for the honeymoon.

All this was a very pretty story for them on the score of prudence, but it did not suit the views of an ardent lover of one-and-twenty; for though I knew my father's influence was very great at the Admiralty, I also knew that

an excellent regulation had recently been promulgated, which prevented any lieutenant being promoted to the rank of commander, until he had served two years at sea from the date of his first commission; nor could any commander, in like manner, be promoted before he had served one year in that capacity. All this was no doubt very good for the service, but I had not yet attained sufficient *amor patria*, to prefer the public to myself; and I fairly wished the regulation, and the makers of it, in the cavern at New Providence, just about the time of high water.

I put it to the ladies whether this was not a case of real distress, after all my hardships and my constancy, to be put off with such an excuse? The answer from the Admiralty was so far favourable, that I was assured I should be promoted as soon as my time was served, of which I then wanted two months. I was appointed to a ship fitting at Woolwich, and before she could be ready for sea, my time would be

completed, and I was to have my commission as a commander. This was not the way to ensure her speedy equipment, as far as I was concerned; but there was no help for it; and as the ship was at Woolwich, and the residence of my fair one at no great distance, I endeavoured to pass my time, during the interval, between the duties of love and war; between obedience to my captain, and obedience to my mistress; and by great good fortune, I contrived to please both, for my captain gave himself no trouble about the ship or her equipment.

Before I proceeded to join, I made one more effort to break through the inflexibility of my father. I said I had undergone the labours of Hercules; and that if I went again on foreign service, I might meet with some young lady who would send me out of the world with a cup of poison, or by some fatal spell break the magical chain which now bound me to Emily. This poetical imagery had no more effect on them, than my prose composition. I then ap-

pealed to Emily herself. "Surely," said I, "your heart is not as hard as those of our inflexible parents? surely you will be my advocate on this occasion? Bend but one look of disapprobation on my father with those heavenly blue eyes of yours, and, on my life, he will strike his flag."

But the gipsey replied, with a smile, (instigated, no doubt, from head-quarters), that she did not like the idea of her name appearing in the Morning Post as the bride of a lieutenant. "What's a lieutenant, now-a-days?" said she; "nobody. I remember when I was on a visit at Fareham, I used to go to Portsmouth to see the dock-yard and the ships, and there was your great friend the tall admiral, Sir Hurricane Humbug, I think you call him, driving the poor lieutenants about like so many sheep before a dog; there was one always at his heels, like a running footman; and there was another that appeared to me to be chained, like a mastiff, to the door of the admiral's office, except when

the admiral and family walked out, and then he brought up the rear with the governess. No, Frank, I shall not surrender at discretion, with all my charms, to any thing less than a captain, with a pair of gold epaulettes."

"Very well," replied I, looking into the pier glass, with tolerable self-complacency; "if you choose to pin your happiness on the promises of a first lord of the Admiralty, and a pair of epaulettes, I can say no more. There is no accounting for female taste; some ladies prefer gold lace and wrinkles, to youth and beauty— I am sorry for them, that's all."

"Frank," said Emily, "you must acknowledge that you are vain enough to be an admiral at least."

"The admirals are much obliged to you for the compliment," said I. "I trust I should not disgrace the flag, come when it will; but to tell you the truth, my dear Emily, I cannot say I look forward to that elevation, with any degree of satisfaction. Three stars on each shoulder,

and three rows of gold lace round the cuff, are no compensation, in my eyes, for grey hairs, thin legs, a broken back, a church-yard cough, and to be laughed at or pitied by all the pretty girls in the country into the bargain."

"I am sorry for you, my hero," said the young lady; "but you must submit."

"Well then, if I must, I must," said I; "but give me a kiss in the mean time."

I asked for one, and took a hundred, and should have taken a hundred more, but the confounded butler came in, and brought me a letter on service, which was neither more nor less than an order to join my ship forthwith; *sic transit*, &c.

Pocketing my disappointment with as much *sang froid* as I could muster, I continued to beguile the time and to solace myself for my past sufferings, by as much enjoyment as could be compressed into the small space of leisure time allotted to me. Fortunately, the first lieutenant of the frigate was what we used to call "a hard officer:" he never went on shore,

because he had few friends and less money. He drew for his pay on the day it became due, and it lasted till the next day of payment; and as I found he doated on a Spanish segar, and a *correct* glass of cogniac grog—for he never drank to excess—I presented him with a box of the former, and a dozen of the latter, to enable him to bear my nightly absence with christian composure.

As soon as the day's work was ended, the good-natured lieutenant used to say, "Come, Mr. Mildmay, I know what it is to be in love; I was once in love myself, though it is a good many years ago, and I am sure I shall get into the good graces of your Polly (for so he called Emily) if I send you to her arms. There is the jolly for you: send the boat off as soon as you have landed, and be with us at nine to-morrow morning, to meet the midshipman and the working party in the dock-yard."

All this was perfectly agreeable to me. I generally got to Mr. Somerville's temporary

residence on Blackheath by the time the dressing-bell rang, and never failed to meet a pleasant party at dinner. My father and dear Clara were guests in the house as well as myself. By Mr. Somerville's kind permission, I introduced Talbot, who, being a perfect gentleman in his manners, a man of sound sense, good education, and high aristocratic connexions, I was proud to call my friend. I presented him particularly to my sister, and took an opportunity of whispering in Emily's ear, where I knew it would not long remain, that he possessed the indispensable qualification of two epaulettes. "Therefore, said I, "pray do not trust yourself too near him, for fear you should be taken by surprise, like the True-blooded Yankee."

Talbot knowing that Emily was bespoken, paid her no more than the common attentions which courtesy demands; but to Clara his demeanour was very different: and her natural attractions were much enhanced in his eyes, by the friendship which we had entertained for each

other ever since the memorable affair of swimming away from the ship at Spithead; from that time he used jocularly to call me "Leander."

But before I proceed any further with this part of my history, I must beg leave to detain the reader one minute only, while I attempt to make a sketch of my dear little sister Clara. She was rather fair, with a fine, small, oval, well-proportioned face, sparkling black and speaking eyes, good teeth, pretty red lips, very dark hair, and plenty of it, hanging over her face and neck in curls of every size; her arms and bust were such as Phidias and Praxiteles might have copied; her waist was slender; her hands and feet small and beautiful. I used often to think it was a great pity that such a love as she was, should not be matched with some equally good specimen of our sex; and I had long fixed on my friend Talbot, as the person best adapted to command this pretty little, tight, fast-sailing, well rigged smack.

Unluckily, Clara, with all her charms, had one

fault, and that, in my eyes, was a very serious one. Clara did not love a sailor. The soldiers she doated on. But Clara's predilections were not easily overcome, and that which had once taken root grew up and flourished. She fancied sailors were not well bred; that they thought too much of themselves or their ships; and, in short, that they were as rough and unpolished as they were conceited.

With such obstinate and long-rooted prejudices against all of our profession, it proved no small share of merit in Talbot to overcome them. But as Clara's love for the army was more general than particular, Talbot had a vacant theatre to fight in. He began by handing her to dinner, and with modest assurance seated himself by her side. But so well was he aware of her failing, that he never once alluded to our unfortunate element; on the contrary, he led her away with every variety of topic which he found best suited to her taste: so that she was at last compelled to acknowledge

that he might be one exception to her rule, and I took the liberty of hoping that I might be another.

One day at dinner Talbot called me "Leander," which instantly attracted the notice of the ladies, and an explanation was demanded; but for a time it was evaded, and the subject changed. Emily, however, joining together certain imperfect reports which had reached her ears, through the kindness of "some friends of the family," began to suspect a rival, and the next morning examined me so closely on the subject, that fearing a disclosure from other quarters, I was compelled to make a confession.

I told her the whole history of my acquaintance with Eugenia, of my last interview, and of her mysterious departure. I did not even omit the circumstance of her offering me money; but I concealed the probability of her being a mother. I assured her that it was full four years and a half since we had met; and that as she knew of my engagement, it was unlikely we

should ever meet again. "At any rate," I said, "I shall never seek her; and if accident should throw me in her way, I trust I shall behave like a man of honour."

I did not think it necessary to inform her of the musquet-shots fired at me by order of Talbot, as that might have injured him in the estimation of both Emily and Clara. When I had concluded my narrative, Emily sighed and looked very grave. I asked her if she had forgiven me.

"Conditionally," said she, "as you said to the mutineers."

CHAPTER IV.

In all states of Europe, there are a set of men who assume from their infancy a pre-eminence independent of their moral character. The attention paid to them from the moment of their birth, gives them the idea that they are formed for command, and they soon learn to consider themselves a distinct species: and, being secure of a certain rank and station, take no pains to make themselves worthy of it.

RAYNAL.

It is now time to make my reader acquainted with my new ship and new captain. The first was a frigate of the largest class, built on purpose to cope with the large double-banked frigates of the Yankees. She carried thirty long twenty-four pounders on her main deck, and the same number of forty-two pound carronades on her quarter-gangways and forecastle.

I had been a week on board, doing duty during the day, and flirting on shore, at Mr.

Somerville's, at Blackheath, during the evening. I had seen no captain yet, and the first lieutenant had gone on shore one morning to stretch his legs. I was commanding officer; the people were all at their dinner; it was a drizzling soft rain, and I was walking the quarter-deck by myself, when a shore-boat came alongside with a person in plain clothes. I paid him no attention, supposing him to be a wine merchant, or a slop-seller, come to ask permission to serve the ship. The stranger looked at the dirty man-ropes, which the side-boys held off to him, and inquired if there was not a clean pair? The lad replied in the negative; and the stranger perceiving there was no remedy, took hold of the dirty ropes and ascended the side.

Reaching the quarter-deck, he came up to me, and shewing a pair of sulphur-coloured gloves, bedaubed with tar and dirt, angrily observed, "By G—, Sir, I have spoiled a new pair of gloves."

"I always take my gloves off when I come up the side," said I.

"But I choose to keep mine on," said the stranger. "And why could not I have had a pair of clean ropes?"

"Because," said I, "my orders are only to give them when the side is piped."

"And why was not the side piped for me, Sir?"

"Because, Sir, we never pipe the side until we know who it is for."

"As sure as I shall sit in the House of Peers, I will report you to your captain for this," said he.

"We only pipe the side for officers in uniform," said I; "and I am yet to learn by what right you demand that honour."

"I am, Sir," said he, (shewing his card), "* * * *, &c. Do you know me now?"

"Yes, Sir," said I, "as a gentleman; but until I see you in a captain's uniform, I can-

not give you the honours you demand:" as I said this, I touched my hat respectfully.

"Then, Sir," said he, "as sure as I shall sit in the House of Peers, I shall let you know more of this:" and having asked whether the captain was on board, and received an answer in the negative, he turned round and went down the side into his boat, without giving me an opportunity of supplying him with a pair of clean ropes. He pulled away for the shore, and I never heard any thing more of the dirty ropes and soiled gloves.

This officer I afterwards learned, was in the habit of interlarding his discourse with this darling object of his ambition; but as he is now a member of the Upper House, it is to be supposed he has exchanged the affidavit for some other. While he commanded a ship, he used to say, "As sure as I shall sit in the House of Peers, I will flog you, my man;" and when this denunciation had passed his lips, the punishment was never remitted. With us, the reverse of

this became our bye-word ; lieutenants, midshipmen, sailors and marines, asserted their claim to veracity by saying, " As sure as I shall *not* sit in the House of Peers."

This was the noble lord, who when in the command of one of his Majesty's ships in China, employed a native of that country to take his portrait. The resemblance not having been flattering, the artist was sharply rebuked by his patron. The poor man replied, " Ai awe, master, how can handsome face make if handsome face no have got ?" This story has, like many other good stories, been pirated, and applied to other cases ; but I claim it as the legitimate property of the navy, and can vouch for its origin as I have related.

My messmates dropped in one after another until our number was completed ; and at length a note, in an envelope addressed to the first lieutenant 'on service,' and marked on the lower left hand corner with the name of the noble writer, announced that our captain would make

his appearance on the following day. We were of course prepared to receive him in our full uniforms with our cocked hats and swords, with the marine guard under arms. He came alongside at half past twelve o'clock, when the men were at dinner, an unusual hour to select, as it is not the custom ever to disturb them at their meals if it can be avoided. He appeared in a sort of undress frock coat, fall down collar, anchor buttons, no epaulettes, and a lancer's cap, with a broad gold band.

This was not correct, but as he was a lord, he claimed privilege, and on this rock of privilege we found afterwards that he always perched himself on every occasion. We were all presented to him; and to each he condescended to give a nod. His questions were all confined to the first lieutenant, and all related to his own comforts. "Where is my steward to lie? where is my valet to sleep? where is my cow-pen? and where are my sheep to be?" We discovered when he had been one hour in

our company, that his noble self was the god of his idolatry. As for the details of the ship and her crew, masts, rigging, stowage, provisions, the water she would carry, and how much she drew, they were subjects on which he never fatigued his mind.

One hour having expired, since he had come on board, he ordered his boat, and returned to the shore, and we saw no more of him until we arrived at Spithead, when his lordship came on board, accompanied by a person whom we soon discovered was a half pay purser in the navy: a man who, by dint of the grossest flattery and numerous little attentions, had so completely ingratiated himself with his patron, that he had become as necessary an appendage to the travelling equipage, as the portmanteau or the valet-de-chambre. This despicable toady was his lordship's double; he was a living type of the Gnatho of Terence; and I never saw him without remembering the passage that ends '*si negat id quoque nego.*' Black was white, and

white was black with toady, if his lordship pleased; he messed in the cabin, did much mischief in the ship, and only escaped kicking, because he was too contemptible to be kicked.

My fair readers are no doubt anxious to know how I parted with Emily, and truly I am not unwilling to oblige them, though it is, indeed, a tender subject. As soon as we received our orders to proceed to Spithead, Mr. Somerville, who had kept his house at Blackheath while the ship was fitting, in hopes that my promotion might have taken place before she was ready, now prepared to quit the place. To the renewed application of my father, the answer was that I must go abroad for my promotion. This at once decided him to break up his summer quarters, very wisely foreseeing that unless he did so, my services would be lost to my ship; and if he and Emily did not leave me behind at Woolwich, I should probably be left behind by my captain: he therefore announced his intended departure within twenty-four hours.

Emily was very sorry, and so was I. I kindly reproached her with her cruelty; but she replied with a degree of firmness and good sense, which I could not but admire, that she had but one counsellor, and that was her father, and that until she was married, she never intended to have any other; that by his advice she had delayed the union: and as we were neither of us very old people, "I trust in God," said she, "we may meet again." I admired her heroism, gave her one kiss, handed her into her carriage, and we shook hands. I need not say I saw a tear or two in her eyes. Mr. Somerville saw the shower coming on, pulled up the glass, gave me a friendly nod, and the carriage drove off. The last I saw of Emily, at that time, was her right hand, which carried her handkerchief to her eyes.

After the dear inmates were gone, I turned from the door of the house in disgust, and ran direct to my boat, like a dog with a tin-kettle. When I got on board, I hated the sight of every

body, and the smell of every thing; pitch, paint, bilge-water, tar and rum, entering into horrible combination, had conspired against me: and I was as sick and as miserable as the most love-sick seaman can conceive. I have before observed that we had arrived at Spithead, and as I have nothing new to say of that place, I shall proceed to sea.

We sailed for the North American station, the pleasantest I could go to when away from Emily. Our passage was tedious, and we were put on short allowance of water. Those only who have known it will understand it. All felt it but the captain; who, claiming privilege, took a dozen gallons every day to bathe his feet in, and that water, when done with, was greedily sought for by the men. There was some murmuring about it, which came to the captain's ears, who only observed, with an apathy peculiar to Almack's,

"Well, you know, if a man has no privilege, what's the use of being a captain?"

"Very true, my lord," said the toad-eater, with a low bow.

I will now give a short description of his lordship. He was a smart, dapper, well made man, with a handsome, but not an intellectual countenance; cleanly and particular in his person; and, assisted by the puffs of Toady, had a very good opinion of himself; proud of his aristocratic birth, and still more vain of his personal appearance. His knowledge on most points was superficial—high life, and anecdotes connected with it, were the usual topics of his discourse; at his own table he generally engrossed all the conversation: and while his guests drank his wine, "they laughed with counterfeited glee," &c. His reading was comprised in two volumes octavo, being the Memoirs of the Count de Grammont, which amusing and aristocratical work was never out of his hand. He had been many years at sea; but strange to say, knew nothing, literally nothing, of his profession. Seamanship, navigation, and

every thing connected with the service, he was perfectly ignorant of. I had heard him spoken of as a good officer, before he joined us; and I must, in justice to him, say that he was naturally good tempered, and I believe as brave a man as ever drew a sword.

He seldom made any professional remark, being aware of his deficiency, and never ventured beyond his depth intentionally. When he came on the quarter-deck, he usually looked at the weather main-brace, and if it was not as *taut* as a bar, would order it to be made so. Here he could not easily commit himself; but it became a bye-word with us when we laughed at him below. He had a curious way of forgetting, or pretending to forget, the names of men and things, I presume, because they were so much beneath him; and in their stead, substituted the elegant phrases of "What's-his-name," "What-do-ye-call-'em," and "thing-umbob."

One day he came on deck, and actually gave

me the following very intelligible order. "Mr. What's-his-name, have the goodness to—what-do-ye-call-'em,—the,—the thingumbob."

"Ay, ay, my lord," said I. "Afterguard! haul taut the weather main-brace." This was exactly what he meant.

He was very particular and captious, when not properly addressed. When an order is given by a commanding officer, it is not unusual to say, "Very good, Sir;" implying that you perfectly understand, and are going cheerfully to obey it. I had adopted this answer, and gave it to his lordship when I received an order from him, saying "Very good, my lord."

"Mr. Mildmay," said his lordship, "I don't suppose you mean any thing like disrespect, but I will thank you not to make that answer again: it is for *me* to say 'very good,' and not you. You seem to approve of my order, and I don't like it; I beg you will not do it again, you know."

"Very good, my lord," said I, so inveterate

is habit. "I beg your lordship's pardon, I mean very well."

"I don't much like that young man," said his lordship to his toady, who followed him up and down the quarter-deck, like "the bob-tail cur," looking his master in the face. I did not hear the answer, but of course it was an echo.

The first time we reefed topsails at sea, the captain was on deck: he said nothing, but merely looked on. The second time, we found he had caught all the words of the first lieutenant, and repeated them in a loud and pompous voice, without knowing whether they were applicable to the case or not. The third time he fancied he was able to go alone, and down he fell—he made a sad mistake indeed. "Hoist away the fore-topsail," said the first lieutenant. "Hoist away the fore-topsail," said the captain. The men were stamping aft, and the topsail yards travelling up to the mast-head very fast, when they were stopped by a sudden check with the fore-topsail haul-yards.

"What's the matter?" said the first lieutenant, calling to me, who was at my station on the forecastle.

"Something foul of the topsail-tie," I replied.

"What s the matter forward?" said the captain.

"Topsail-tie is foul, my lord," answered the first lieutenant.

"D—n the topsail-tie! cut it away. Out knife there, aloft! I *will* have the topsail hoisted; cut away the topsail-tie."

For the information of my land readers, I should observe that the topsail-tie was the very rope which was at that moment suspending the yard aloft. The cutting it would have disabled the ship until it could have been repaired; and had the order been obeyed, the topsail-yard itself, would, in all probability, have been sprung or broke in two on the cap.

We arrived at Halifax without falling in with an enemy; and as soon as the ship was secured,

I went on shore to visit all my dear Dulcineas, every one of whom I persuaded, that on her account alone I had used my utmost interest to be sent out on the station. Fortunately for them and for me, I was not long permitted to trifle away my time. We were ordered to cruize on the coast of North America. It was winter and very cold; we encountered many severe gales of wind, during which time we suffered much from the frequent and sudden snow-storms, north-east gales, and sharp frosts, which rendered our running-rigging almost unmanageable, and obliged us to pour boiling water into the sheaves of the blocks to thaw them, and allow the ropes to traverse; nor did the cold permit the captain to honour us with his presence on deck more than once in the twenty-four hours.

We anchored off a part of the coast, which was not in a state of defence, and the people being unprotected by their own government, considered themselves as neutrals, and supplied

us with as much fish, poultry, and vegetables, as we required. While we lay here, the captain and officers frequently went on shore for a short time without molestation. One night, after the captain had returned, a snow storm and a gale of wind came on. The captain's gig, which ought to have been hoisted up, was not; she broke her painter, and went adrift, and had been gone some time before she was missed. The next morning, on making inquiry, it was found that the boat had drifted on shore, a few miles from where we lay; and that having been taken possession of by the Americans, they had removed her to a hostile part of the coast, twenty-two miles off. The captain was very much annoyed at the loss of his boat, which he considered as his own private property, although built on board by the king's men, and with the king's plank and nails.

"As my private property," said his lordship, "it ought to be given up, you know."

I did not tell him that I had seen the sawyers

cutting an anchor-stock into the plank of which it was built, and that the said plank had been put down to other services in the expence-book. This, however, was no business of mine; nor had I any idea that the loss of this little boat would so nearly produce my final catastrophe; so it was, however, and very serious results took place in consequence of this accident.

"They *must* respect private property, you know," said the captain to the first lieutenant.

"Yes," answered the lieutenant; "but they do not know that it is private property."

"Very true: then I will send and tell them so;" and down he went to his dinner.

The yawl was ordered to be got ready, and hoisted out at daylight, and I had notice given me that I was to go away in her. About nine o'clock the next morning, I was sent for into the cabin; his lordship was still in bed, and the green silk curtains were drawn close round his cot.

"Mr. Thingamy," said his lordship, "you will take the what's-his-name, you know."

"Yes, my lord," said I.

"And you will go to that town, and ask for my thingumbob."

"For your gig, my lord?" said I.

"Yes, that's all."

"But, my lord, suppose they won't give it to me?"

"Then take it."

"Suppose the gig is not there, my lord, and if there, suppose they refuse to give it up?"

"Then take every vessel out of the harbour."

"Very well, my lord. Am I to put the gun in the boat? or to take muskets only?"

"Oh, no, no arms—take a flag of truce—No. 8. (white flag) will do."

"Suppose they will not accept the flag of truce, my lord?"

"Oh, but they will: they always respect a flag of truce, you know."

"I beg your lordship's pardon, but I think a few muskets in the boat would be of service."

"No, no, no,—no arms. You will be fighting about nothing. You have your orders, Sir."

"Yes," thinks I, "I have. If I succeed, I am a robber; if I fail, I am liable to be hanged on the first tree."

I left the cabin, and went to the first lieutenant. I told him what my orders were. This officer was, as I before observed, a man who had no friends, and was therefore entirely dependent on the captain for his promotion, and was afraid to act contrary to his lordship's orders, however absurd. I told him, that whatever might be the captain's orders, I would not go without arms.

"The orders of his lordship must be obeyed," said the lieutenant.

"Why," said I, irritated at this folly, "you are as clever a fellow as the skipper."

This he considered so great an affront, that

he ran down to his cabin, saying, "You shall hear from me again for this, Sir."

I concluded that he meant to try me by a court-martial, to which I had certainly laid myself open by this unguarded expression; but I went on the quarter-deck, and, during his absence, got as many muskets into the boat as I wanted, with a proper proportion of ammunition. This was hardly completed, before the lieutenant came up again, and put a letter into my hands: which was no more than the very comfortable intelligence, that, on my return from the expedition on which I was then going, he should expect satisfaction for the affront I had offered him. I was glad, however, to find it was no worse. I laughed at his threat; and, as the very head and front of my offending was only having compared him to the captain, he could not show any resentment openly, for fear of displeasing his patron. In short, to be offended at it, was to offer the greatest possible affront to the man

he looked up to for promotion, and thus destroy all his golden prospects.

As I put this well-timed challenge into my pocket, I walked down the side, got into my boat, and put off. It wanted but one hour of sunset when I reached the part where this infernal gig was supposed to be, and the sky gave strong indications of an approaching gale. Indeed, I do not believe another captain in the navy could have been found who, at such a season of the year, would have risked a boat so far from the ship on an enemy's coast and a lee-shore, for such a worthless object.

My crew consisted of twenty men and a midshipman. When we arrived off the mouth of the harbour, we perceived four vessels lying at anchor, and pulled directly in. We had, however, no opportunity of trying our flag of truce, for as soon as we came within range of musket-shot, a volley from two hundred concealed militiamen, struck down four of my men. There

was then nothing left for it but to board, and bring out the vessels. Two of them were aground, and we set them on fire, it being dead low water (thanks to the delay in the morning): in doing this, we had more men wounded. I then took possession of the other two vessels, and giving one of them in charge of the midshipman, who was quite a lad, I desired him to weigh his anchor. I gave him the boat, with all the men except four, which I kept with me. The poor fellow probably lost more men, for he cut his cable, and got out before me. I weighed my anchor, but had one of my men killed by a musket ball, in doing it. I stood out after the midshipman. We had gained an offing of four miles, when a violent gale and snow-storm came on. The sails belonging to the vessel all blew to rags immediately, being very old. I had no resource, except to anchor, which I did on a bank, in five fathom water. The other vessel lost all her sails, and, having no anchor, as I then

conjectured, and afterwards learned, drifted on shore, and was dashed to pieces, the people being either frozen to death, wounded, or taken prisoners.

The next morning I could see the vessel lying on shore a wreck, covered with ice. A dismal prospect to me, as at that time I knew not what had become of the men. My own situation was even less enviable; the vessel was frail, and deeply laden with salt: a cargo, which, if it by any means gets wet, is worse than water, since it cannot be pumped out, and becomes as heavy as lead; nothing could, in that event, have kept the vessel afloat, and we had no boat in case of such an accident. I had three men with me, besides the dead body, in the cabin, and a pantry as clear as an empty house: not an article of any description to eat. I was four miles from the shore, in a heavy gale of wind, the pleasure of which was enhanced by snow, and the bitterest cold I ever experienced. We

proceeded to examine the vessel, and found that there was on board, a quantity of sails and canvas, that did not fit, but had been bought with an intention of making up for this vessel, and not before she wanted them; there was also an abundance of palms, needles, and twine; but to eat, there was nothing except salt, and to drink, nothing but one cask of fresh water. We kindled a fire in the cabin, and made ourselves as warm as we could, taking a view on deck now and then, to see if she drove, or if the gale abated. She pitched heavily, taking in whole seas over the forecastle, and the water froze on the deck. The next morning we found we had drifted a mile nearer to the shore, and the gale continued with unabated violence. The other vessel lay a wreck, with her masts gone, and as it were *in terrorem*, staring us in the face.

We felt the most pinching hunger; we had no fuel after the second day, except what we pulled down from the bulkheads of the cabin.

We amused ourselves below, making a suit of sails for the vessel, and drinking hot water to repel the cold. But this work could not have lasted long; the weather became more intensely cold, and twice did we set the prize on fire, in our liberality with the stove to keep ourselves warm. The ice formed on the surface of the water in our kettle, till it was dissolved by the heat from the bottom. The second night passed like the first; and we found, in the morning, that we had drifted within two miles of the shore. We completed our little sails this day, and with great difficulty contrived to bend them.

The men were now exhausted with cold and hunger, and proposed that we should cut our cable and run on shore; but I begged them to wait till the next morning, as these gales seldom lasted long. This they agreed to: and we again huddled together to keep ourselves warm, the outside man pulling the dead man close to him by way of a blanket. The gale this night moderated, and towards the morning the weather

was fine, although the wind was against us, and to beat her up to the ship was impossible. From the continued freezing of the water, the bob-stays and the rigging were coated with ice five or six inches thick, and the forecastle was covered with two feet of clear ice, showing the ropes coiled underneath it.

There was no more to be done: so, desiring the men to cut the cable, I made up my mind to run the vessel on shore, and give myself up. We hoisted the fore-sail, and I stood in with the intention of surrendering myself and people at a large town which I knew was situated about twelve miles farther on the coast. To have given myself up at the place where the vessels had been captured, I did not think would have been prudent.

When we made sail on the third morning, we had drifted within half a mile of the shore, and very near the place we had left. Field pieces had been brought down to us. They had the range, but they could not reach us. I conti-

nued to make more sail, and to creep along shore, until I came within a few cables' length of the pier, where men, women, and children were assembled to see us land; when suddenly a snow-storm came on; the wind shifted, and blew with such violence, that I could neither see the port, nor turn the vessel to windward into it; and as I knew I could not hold my own, and that the wind was fair for our ship, then distant about forty miles, we agreed to up helm and scud for her.

This was well executed. About eleven at night we hailed her, and asked for a boat. They had seen us approaching, and a boat instantly came, taking us all on board the frigate, and leaving some fresh hands in charge of the prize.

I was mad with hunger and cold, and with difficulty did we get up the side, so exhausted and feeble were the whole of us. I was ordered down into the cabin, for it was too cold for the captain to shew his face on deck. I found his

lordship sitting before a good fire, with his toes in the grate; a decanter of Madeira stood on the table, with a wine glass, and most fortunately, though not intended for my use, a large rummer. This I seized with one hand and the decanter with the other; and, filling a bumper, swallowed it in a moment, without even drinking his lordship's good health. He stared, and I believe thought me mad. I certainly do own that my dress and appearance perfectly corresponded with my actions. I had not been washed, shaved, or "cleaned," since I had left the ship, three days before. My beard was grown, my cheeks hollow, my eyes sunk, and for my stomach, I leave that to those fortunate Frenchmen who escaped from the Russian campaign, who only can appreciate my sufferings. My whole haggard frame was enveloped in a huge blue flushing coat, frosted, like a plum-cake, with ice and snow.

As soon as I could speak, I said, "I beg

pardon, my lord, but I have had nothing to eat or drink since I left the ship."

"Oh, *then* you are very welcome," said his lordship; "I never expected to see you again."

"Then why the devil did you send me?" thought I to myself.

During this short dialogue, I had neither been offered a chair or any refreshment, of which I stood so much in need; and if I had been able, should have been kept standing while I related my adventures. I was about to commence, when the wine got into my head; and to support myself, I leaned, or rather staggered, on the back of a chair.

"Never mind now," said the captain, apparently moved from his listless apathy by my situation; "go and make yourself comfortable, and I will hear it all to-morrow."

This was the only kind thing he had ever done for me; and it came so *apropos*, that I felt

grateful to him for it, thanked him, and went below to the gun-room, where, notwithstanding all I had heard and read of the dangers of repletion after long abstinence, I ate voraciously, and drank proportionably, ever and anon telling my astonished messmates, who were looking on, what a narrow escape the dead body had of being dissected and broiled. This, from the specimen of my performance, they had no difficulty in believing. I recommended the three men who had been with me to the care of the surgeon; and, with his permission, presented each of them with a pint of hot brandy and water, well sweetened, by way of a night cap. Having taken these precautions, and satisfied the cravings of nature on my own part, as well as the cravings of curiosity on that of my messmates, I went to bed, and slept soundly till the next day at noon.

Thus ended this anomalous and fatal expedition: an ambassador sent with the sacred emblem of peace, to commit an act of hostility

under its protection. To have been taken under such circumstances, would have subjected us to be hung like dogs on the first tree; to have gone unarmed, would have been an act of insanity, and I therefore took upon me to disobey an unjust and absurd order. This, however, must not be pleaded as an example to juniors, but a warning to seniors how they give orders without duly weighing the consequences: the safest plan is always to obey. Thus did his majesty's service lose eighteen fine fellows, under much severe suffering, for a boat, '*the private* property' of the captain, not worth twenty pounds.

The next day, as soon as I was dressed, the first lieutenant sent to speak to me. I then recollected the little affair of the challenge. "A delightful after-piece," thought I, "to the tragedy, to be shot by the first lieutenant only for calling him as clever a fellow as the captain." The lieutenant, however, had no such barbarous intentions; he had seen and acknowledged the

truth of my observation, and, being a well meaning north-countryman, he offered me his hand, which I took with pleasure, having had quite enough of stimulus for that time.

CHAPTER V.

Bell. You have an opportunity now, Madam, to revenge yourself upon him for affronting your squirrel.

Belin. O, the filthy, rude beast.

Aram. 'Tis a lasting quarrel.

Old Bachelor.

WE sailed the next day, and after one month more of unsuccessful cruizing, arrived safe at Halifax, where I was informed that an old friend of my father's, Sir Hurricane Humbug, of whom some mention has already been made in this work, had just arrived. He was not in an official character, but had come out to look after his own property. It is absolutely necessary that I should here, with more than usual formality, introduce the reader to an intimate acquaintance with the character of Sir Hurricane.

Sir Hurricane had risen in life by his own ingenuity, and the patronage of a rich man in the South of England: he was of an ardent disposition, and was an admirable justice of peace, when the *argumentum baculinum* was required, for which reason he had been sent to reduce two or three refractory establishments to order and obedience; and, by his firmness and good humour, succeeded. His tact was a little knowledge of everything, (not like Solomon's, from the hyssop to the cedar), but from the boiler of a potatoe to the boiler of a steam-boat, and from catching a sprat to catching a whale; he could fatten pigs and poultry, and had a peculiar way of improving the size, though not the breed of the latter; in short, he was 'jack of all trades and master of none.'

I shall not go any farther back with his memoirs, than the day he chose to teach an old woman how to make mutton-broth. He had, in the course of an honest discharge of

his duty, at a certain very dirty sea-port town, incurred the displeasure of the lower orders generally: he nevertheless would omit no opportunity of doing good, and giving advice to the poor, gratis. One day he saw a woman emptying the contents of a boiling kettle out of her door into the street. He approached, and saw a leg of mutton at the bottom, and the unthrifty housewife throwing away the liquor in which it had been boiled.

"Good woman," said the economical baronet, "do you know what you are doing? A handful of meat, a couple of carrots, and a couple of turnips, cut up into dice, and thrown into that liquor, with a little parsley, would make excellent mutton-broth for your family."

The old woman looked up, and saw the ogre of the dockyard; and either by losing her presence of mind, or by a most malignant slip of the hand, she contrived to pour a part of the boiling water into the shoes of Sir Hurricane. The baronet jumped, roared, hopped, stamped, kicked

off his shoes, and ran home, d—ning the old woman, and himself too, for having tried to teach her how to make mutton-broth. As he ran off, the ungrateful hag screamed after him, "Sarves you right; teach you to mind your own business."

The next day, in his magisterial capacity, he commanded the attendance of "the dealer in slops." "Well, Madam, what have you got to say for yourself for scalding one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace? don't you know that I have the power to commit you to Maidstone gaol for the assault?"

"I beg your honour's pardon, humbly," said the woman; "I did not know it was your honour, or I am sure I wouldn't a done it; besides, I own to your honour, I had a drop too much."

The good-natured baronet dismissed her with a little suitable advice, which no doubt the good woman treated as she did that relative to the mutton-broth.

My acquaintance with Sir Hurricane had commenced at Plymouth, when he kicked my ship to sea in a gale of wind, for fear we should ground on our beef bones. I never forgave him for that. My father had shown him great civility, and had introduced me to him. When at Halifax, we resided in the same house with a mutual friend, who had always received me as his own son. He had a son of my own age, with whom I had long been on terms of warm friendship, and Ned and I confederated against Sir Hurricane. Having paid a few visits *en passant*, as I landed at the King's Wharf, shook hands with a few pretty girls, and received their congratulations on my safe return, I went to the house of my friend, and, without ceremony, walked into the drawing-room.

"Do you know, Sir," said the footman, "that Sir Hurricane is in his room? but he is very busy," added the man, with a smile.

"Busy or not," said I, "I am sure he will see me," so in I walked.

Sir Hurricane was employed on something, but I could not distinctly make out what. He had a boot between his knees and the calves of his legs, which he pressed together, and as he turned his head round, I perceived that he held a knife between his teeth.

"Leave the door open, messmate," said he, without taking the least notice of me. Then rising, he drew a large, black, tom cat, by the tail, out of the boot, and flinging it away from him to a great distance, which distance was rapidly increased by the voluntary exertion of the cat, which ran away as if it had been mad, "There," said he, "and be d--d to you, you have given me more trouble than a whole Kentucky farm-yard; but I shall not lose my sleep any more, by your d—d caterwauling."

All this was pronounced as if he had not seen me—in fact, it was a soliloquy, for the cat did not stay to hear it. "Ah!" said he, holding out his hand to me, "how do you do? I

know your face, but d—n me if I have not forgot your name."

"My name, Sir," said I, "is Mildmay."

"Ah, Mildmay, my noble, how do you do? how did you leave your father? I knew him very well—used to give devilish good feeds—many a plate I've dirtied at his table—don't care how soon I put my legs under it again;—take care, mind which way you put your helm—you will be aboard of my chickabiddies—don't run athwart hawse."

I found, on looking down, that I had a string round my leg, which fastened a chicken to the table, and saw many more of these little creatures attached to the chairs in the room; but for what purpose they were thus domesticated I could not discover.

"Are these pet chickens of yours, Sir Hurricane?" said I.

"No," said the admiral, "but I mean them to be pet capons, by and by, when they come

to table. I have finished a dozen and a half this morning, besides that d—d old tom cat."

The mystery was now explained, and I afterwards found out (every man having his hobby) that the idiosyncrasy of this officer's disposition had led him to the practice of neutralizing the males of any species of bird or beast, in order to render them more palatable at the table.

"Well, Sir," he continued, "how do you like your new ship—how do you like your old captain?—good fellow, is'nt he?—d—n his eyes—countryman of mine—I knew him when his father hadn't as much money as would jingle on a tombstone. That fellow owes every thing to me. I introduced him to the duke of ——, and he got on by that interest; but, I say, what do you think of the Halifax girls? —nice! a'nt they?"

I expressed my admiration of them.

"Ay, ay, they'll do, won't they?—we'll have some fine fun—give the girls a party at George's Island—hay-making—green gowns—

ha, ha, ha. I say, your captain shall give us a party at Turtle Cove. We are going to give the old commissioner a feed at the Rockingham —blow the roof of his skull off with champagne —do you dine at Birch Cove to-day? No, I suppose you are engaged to Miss Maria, or Miss Susan, or Miss Isabella—ha, sad dog, sad dog—done a great deal of mischief," surveying me from head to foot.

I took the liberty of returning him the same compliment; he was a tall raw-boned man, with strongly marked features, and a smile on his countenance that no modest woman could endure. In his person he gave me the idea of a discharged life-guardsman; but from his face you might have supposed that he had sat for one of Rubens's Satyrs. He was one of those people with whom you become immediately acquainted; and before I had been an hour in his company, I laughed very heartily at his jokes—not very delicate, I own, and for which he lost a considerable portion of my respect;

but he was a source of constant amusement to me, living as we did in the same house.

I was just going out of the room when he stopped me—"I say, how should you like to be introduced to some devilish nice Yankee girls, relations of mine, from Philadelphia? and I should be obliged to you to shew them attention; very pretty girls, I can tell you, and will have good fortunes—you may go farther and fare worse. The old dad is as rich as a Jew—got the gout in both legs—can't hold out much longer—nice pickings at his money bags, while the devil is picking his bones."

There was no withstanding such inducements, and I agreed that he should present me the next day.

Our dialogue was interrupted by the master of the house and his son, who gave me a hearty welcome; the father had been a widower for some years, and his only son Ned resided with him, and was intended to succeed to his business as a merchant. We adjourned to dress for din-

ner; our bed-rooms were contiguous, and we began to talk of Sir Hurricane.

"He is a strange mixture," said Ned. "I love him for his good temper; but I owe him a grudge for making mischief between me and Maria; besides, he talks balderdash before the ladies, and annoys them very much."

"I owe him a grudge too," said I, "for sending me to sea in a gale of wind."

"We shall both be quits with him before long," said Ned; "but let us now go and meet him at dinner. To-morrow I will set the house-keeper at him for his cruelty to her cat; and if I am not much mistaken, she will pay him off for it."

Dinner passed off extremely well. The admiral was in high spirits; and as it was a bachelor's party, he earned his wine. The next morning we met at breakfast. When that was over, the master of the house retired to his office, or pretended to do so. I was going out to walk, but Ned said I had better stay a few minutes; he

had something to say to me; in fact, he had prepared a treat without my knowing it.

"How did you sleep last night, Sir Hurricane?" said the artful Ned.

"Why, pretty well; considering," said the admiral, "I was not tormented by that old tom cat. D—n me, Sir, that fellow was like the Grand Signior, and he kept his seraglio in the garret, over my bed-room, instead of being at his post in the kitchen, killing the rats that are running about like coach-horses."

"Sir Hurricane," said I, "it's always unlucky to sailors, if they meddle with cats. You will have a gale of wind, in some shape or another, before long."

These words were hardly uttered, when, as if by preconcerted arrangement, the door opened, and in sailed Mrs. Jellybag, the housekeeper, an elderly woman, somewhere in the latitude of fifty-five or sixty years. With a low courtesy and contemptuous toss of her head, she addressed Sir Hurricane Humbug.

"Pray, Sir Hurricane, what have you been doing to my cat?"

The admiral, who prided himself in putting any one who applied to him on what he called the wrong scent, endeavoured to play off Mrs. Jellybag in the same manner.

"What have I done to your cat, my dear Mrs. Jellybag? Why, my dear Madam," (said he, assuming an air of surprise,) "what *should* I do to your cat?"

"You *should* have left him alone, Mr. Admiral; that cat was my property; if my master permits you to ill-treat the poultry, that's his concern; but that cat was mine, Sir Hurricane—mine, every inch of him. The animal has been ill-treated, and sits moping in the corner of the fire-place, as if he was dying; he'll never be the cat he was again."

"I don't think he ever will, my dear Mrs. Housekeeper," answered the admiral, drily.

The lady's wrath now began to kindle. The admiral's cool replies were like water sprinkled

upon a strong flame, increasing its force, instead of checking it.

"Don't dear *me*, Sir Hurricane. I am not one of *your dears—your dears* are all in Dutch-town—more shame for you, an old man like you."

"Old man!" cried Sir Hurricane, losing his placidity a little.

"Yes, old man; look at your hair—as grey as a goose's."

"Why, as for my hair, that proves nothing, Mrs. Jellybag, for though there may be snow on the mountains, there is still heat in the vallies. What d'ye think of my metaphor?"

"I am no more a *metafore* than yourself, Sir Hurricane; but I'll tell you what, you are a *cock-and-hen* admiral, a dog-in-the-manger barrownight, who was jealous of my poor tom cat, because ——, I won't say what. Yes, Sir Hurricane, all hours of the day you are leering at every young woman that passes, out of our windows—and an old man too; you ought to

be ashamed of yourself—and then you go to church of a Sunday, and cry, 'Good Lord, deliver us.'"

The housekeeper now advanced so close to the admiral, that her nose nearly touched his, her arms akimbo, and every preparation for boarding. The admiral, fearing she might not confine herself to vocality, but begin to beat time with her fists, thought it right to take up a position; he therefore very dextrously took two steps in the rear, and mounted on a sofa; his left was defended by an upright piano, his right by the breakfast-table, with all the tea-things on it; his rear was against the wall, and his front depended on himself in person. From this commanding eminence he now looked down on the housekeeper, whose nose could reach no higher than the seals of her adversary's watch; and in proportion as the baronet felt his security, so rose his choler. Having been for many years Proctor at the great universities of Point-street and Blue-town, as well as member of Barbican and

North Corner, he was perfectly qualified, in point of classical dialect, to maintain the honour of his profession. Nor was the lady by any means deficient. Although she had not taken her degree, her tongue from constant use had acquired a fluency which nature only concedes to practice.

It will not be expected, nor would it be proper, that I should repeat all that passed in this concluding scene, in which the housekeeper gave us good reason to suppose that she was not quite so ignorant of the nature of the transaction as she would have had us believe.

The battle having raged for half an hour with great fury, both parties desisted, for want of breath, and consequently of ammunition. This produced a gradual cessation of firing, and by degrees the ships separated—the admiral, like Lord Howe on the 1st of June, preserving his position, though very much mauled; and the housekeeper, like the Montague, *running down* to join her associates. A few random shots were exchanged as they parted, and at every second

or third step on the stairs, Mrs. Margaret brought to, and fired, until both were quite out of range; a distant rumbling noise was heard, and the admiral concluded, by muttering that she might go ———, somewhere, but the word died between his teeth.

"There, admiral," said I, "did not I tell you that you would have a squall?"

"Squall! yes—d—m my blood," wiping his face; "how the spray flew from the old beldam! She's fairly wetted my trowsers, by God. Who'd ever thought that such a purring old b—h could have shewn such a set of claws!—War to the knife! By-heavens, I'll make her remember this."

Notwithstanding the admiral's threat, hostilities ceased from that day. The cock-and-hen admiral found it convenient to shew a white feather; interest stood in the way, and barred him from taking his revenge. Mrs. Jellybag was a faithful servant, and our host neither liked that she should be interfered with, or that his house should become an arena for such

conflicts; and the admiral, who was peculiarly tenacious of undrawing the strings of his purse, found it convenient to make the first advances. The affair was, therefore, amicably arranged—the tom cat was, in consideration of his sufferings, created a baronet, and was ever afterwards dignified by the title of *Sir H. Humbug*; who certainly was the most eligible person to select for god-father, as he had taken the most effectual means of weaning him from "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world."

It was now about one o'clock, for this dispute had ran away with the best part of the morning, when Sir Hurricane said, "Come, youngster, don't forget your engagements—you know I have got to introduce you to my pretty cousins—you must mind your P's and Q's with the uncle, for he is a sensible old fellow—has read a great deal, and thinks America the first and greatest country in the world."

We accordingly proceeded to the residence of the fair strangers, whom the admiral assured

me had come to Halifax from mere curiosity, under the protection of their uncle and aunt. We knocked at the door, and the admiral inquired if Mrs. M'Flinn was at home; we were answered in the affirmative. The servant asked our names. "Vice Admiral Sir Hurricane Humbug," said I, "and Mr. Mildmay."

The drawing-room door was thrown open, and the man gave our names with great propriety. In we walked; a tall, grave looking, elderly lady received us, standing bolt upright in the middle of the room; the young ladies were seated at their work.

"My dear Mrs. M'Flinn," said the admiral, "how do you do? I am delighted to see you and your fair nieces looking so lovely this morning."—The lady bowed to this compliment—a courtesy she was not quite up to—"Allow me to introduce my gallant young friend, Mildmay—young ladies, take care of your hearts—he is a great rogue, I assure you, though he smiles so sweet upon you."

Mrs. M'Flinn bowed again to me, hoped I

was very well, and inquired "how long I had been in these parts."

I replied that I had just returned from a cruize, but that I was no stranger in Halifax.

"Come, officer," said the admiral, taking me by the arm, "I see you are bashful—I must make you acquainted with my pretty cousins. This, Sir, is Miss M'Flinn—her christian name is Deliverance. She is a young lady whose beauty is her least recommendation."

"A very equivocal compliment," thought I.

"This, Sir, is Miss Jemima; this is Miss Temperance; and this is Miss Deborah. Now that you know them all by name, and they know you, I hope you will contrive to make yourself both useful and agreeable."

"A very pretty sinecure," thinks I to myself, "just as if I had not my hands full already." However, as I never wanted small talk for pretty faces, I began with Jemima. They were all pretty, but she was a love—yet there was an awkwardness about them that con-

vinced me they were not of the *bon ton* of Philadelphia. The answers to all my questions were quick, pert, and given with an air of assumed consequence; at the same time I observed a mode of expression, which, though English, was not well-bred English.

"Did you come through the United States," said I, "into the British territory, or did you come by water?"

"Oh, by water," screamed all the girls at once, "and *liked* to have been eaten up with the nasty roaches."

I did not exactly know what was meant by "roaches," but it was explained to me soon after. I inquired whether they had seen a British man of war, and whether they would like to accompany me on board of that which I belonged to? They all screamed out at the same moment—

"No, we never have seen one, and should like to see it of all things. When will you take us?"

"To-morrow," said I, "if the day should prove fine."

Here the admiral, who had been making by-play with the old chaperon, turned round, and said:

"Well, Mr. Frank, I see you are getting on pretty well without my assistance."

"Oh, we all like him very much," said Temperance; "and he says he will take us on board his ship."

"Softly, my dear," said the aunt: "we must not think of giving the gentleman the trouble, until we are better acquainted."

"I am sure, aunt," said Deborah, "we are very well acquainted."

"Then," said the aunt, seeing she was in the minority, "suppose you and Sir Hurricane come and breakfast with us to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, after which, we shall all be very much at your service."

Here the admiral looked at me with one of his impudent leers, and burst into a loud laugh; but I commanded my countenance very well,

and rebuked him by a steady and reserved look.

"I shall have great pleasure," said I, to the lady, "in obeying your orders from eleven to-morrow morning, till the hour of dinner, when I am engaged."

So saying, we both bowed, wished them a good morning, and left the room. The door closed upon us, and I heard them all exclaim—

"What a charming young man!"

I went on board, and told the first lieutenant what I had done; he, very good-naturedly, said he would do his best, though the ship was not in order for showing, and would have a boat ready for us at the dock-yard stairs at one o'clock the next day.

I went to breakfast at the appointed hour. The admiral did not appear, but the ladies were all in readiness, and I was introduced to their uncle—a plain, civil-spoken man, with a strong nasal twang. The repast was very good; and as I had a great deal of work before me, I made

hay while the sun shone. When the rage of hunger had been a little appeased, I made use of the first belle to inquire if a lady whom I once had the honour of knowing, was any relation of theirs, as she bore the same name, and came, like them, from Philadelphia.

"Oh, dear, yes, indeed, she is a relation," said all the ladies together; "we have not seen her this seven years, when did you see her last?"

I replied that we had not met for some time; but that the last time I had heard of her, she was seen by a friend of mine at Turin on the Po. The last syllable was no sooner out of my mouth, than tea, coffee, and chocolate was out of theirs, all spirting different ways, just like so many young grampuses. They jumped up from the table and ran away to their rooms, convulsed with laughter, leaving me alone with their uncle. I was all amazement, and I own felt a little annoyed.

I asked if I had made any serious lapsus, or

said any thing very ridiculous or indelicate; if I had, I said I should never forgive myself.

"Sir," said Mr. M'Flinn, "I am very sure you meant nothing indelicate; but the refined society of Philadelphia, in which these young ladies have been educated, attaches very different meanings to certain words, to what you do in the old country. The back settlements, for instance, so called by our ancestors, we call the western settlements, and we apply the same term, by analogy, to the human figure and dress. This is a mere little explanation, which you will take as it is meant. It cannot be expected that '*foreigners*,' should understand the niceties of our language."

I begged pardon for my ignorance; and assured him I would be more cautious in future. "But pray tell me," said I, "what there was in my last observation which could have caused so much mirth at my expense?"

"Why, Sir," said Mr. M'Flinn, "you run

me hard there; but since you force me to explain myself, I must say that you used a word exclusively confined to bed-chambers."

"But surely, Sir," said I, "you will allow that the name of a celebrated river, renowned in the most ancient of our histories, is not to be changed from such a refined notion of false delicacy?"

"There you are wrong," said Mr. M'Flinn. "The French, who are our instructors in every thing, teach us how to name all these things; and I think you will allow that they understand true politeness."

I bowed to this dictum, only observing, that there was a point in our language where delicacy became indelicate; that I thought the noble river had a priority of claim over a contemptible vessel; and, reverting to the former part of his discourse, I said that we in England were not ashamed to call things by their proper names; and that we considered it a great mark of ill-breeding to go round about for a substitute to a

common word, the vulgar import of which a well bred and modest woman ought never to have known.

The old gentleman felt a little abashed at this rebuke, and, to relieve him, I changed the subject, hoping that the ladies would forgive me for this once, and return to their breakfasts.

"Why, as for that matter," said the gentleman, "the Philadelphia ladies have very delicate appetites, and I dare say they have had enough."

Finding I was not likely to gain ground on that tack, I steered my own course, and finished my breakfast, comforting myself that much execution had been done by the ladies on the commissariat department, before the "Po" had made its appearance.

By the time I had finished, the ladies had composed themselves; and the pretty Jemima had recovered the saint-like gravity of her lovely mouth. Decked in shawls and bonnets, they expressed much impatience to be gone. We

walked to the dock-yard, where a boat with a midshipman attended, and in a few minutes conveyed us alongside of my ship. A painted cask, shaped like a chair, with a whip from the main yard-arm, was let down into the boat; and I carefully packed the fair creatures, two at a time, and sent them up. There was a good deal of giggling, and screaming, and loud laughing, which rather annoyed me; for as they were not my friends, I had no wish that my messmates should think they belonged to that set in Halifax in which I was so kindly received.

At length, all were safely landed on the quarter-deck, without the exposure of an ancle, which they all seemed to dread. Whether their ancles were not quite so small as Mr. M'Flinn wished me to suppose their appetites were, I cannot say.

"La! aunt," said Deborah, "when I looked up in the air, and saw you and Deliverance dangling over our heads, I thought if the rope was to break, what a "squash" you would have

come on us: I am sure you would have *paunched us.*"

Determined to have the Philadelphia version of this elegant phrase, I inquired what it meant, and was informed, that in their country when any one had his bowels *squeezed* out, they called it "*paunching*."

"Well," thought I, "after this, you might swallow the Po without spoiling your breakfasts." The band struck up "Yankee Doodle," the ladies were in ecstacy, and began to caper round the quarter-deck.

"La! Jemima," said Deborah, "what have you done to the western side of your gown? it is all over white."

This was soon brushed off, but the expression was never forgotten in the ship, and always ludicrously applied.

Having shewn them the ship and all its wonders, I was glad to conduct them back to the shore. When I met the admiral, I told him I had done the honours, and hoped the

next time he had any female relatives, he would keep his engagements, and attend to them himself.

"Why, now, who do you think they are?" said the admiral.

"Think!" said I, "why, who should they be but your Yankee cousins?"

"Why, was you such a d—d flat as to believe what I said, eh? Why, their father keeps a shop of all sorts at Philadelphia, and they were going to New York, on a visit to some of their relatives, when the ship they were in was taken and brought in here."

"Then," said I, "these are not the bon-ton of Philadelphia?"

"Just as much as Nancy Dennis is the bon-ton of Halifax," said the admiral; "though the uncle, as I told you, is a sensible fellow in his way."

"Very well," said I; "you have caught me for once; but remember, I pay you for it."

And I was not long in his debt. Had he not given me this explanation, I should have received a very false impression of the ladies of Philadelphia, and have done them an injustice for which I should never have forgiven myself.

The time of our sailing drew near. This was always a melancholy time in Halifax; but my last act on shore was one which created some mirth, and enlivened the gloom of my departure. My friend Ned and myself had not yet had an opportunity of paying off Sir Hurricane Humbug for telling tales to Maria, and for his false introduction to myself. One morning we both came out of our rooms at the same moment, and were proceeding to the breakfast parlour, when we spied the admiral performing some experiment. Unfortunately for him, he was seated in such a manner, just clear of a pent-house, as to be visible from our position; and at the same time, the collar of his coat would exactly intersect the segment of a circle described by any

fluid, projected by us over this low roof, which would thus act as a conductor into the very pole of his neck.

The housemaid (these housemaids are always the cause or the instruments of mischief, either by design or neglect), had left standing near the window a pail nearly filled with dirty water, from the wash-hand basins, &c. Ned and I looked at each other, then at the pail, then at the admiral. Ned thought of his Maria: I of my false introduction. Without saying a word, we both laid our hands on the pail, and in an instant, souse went all the contents over the admiral.

"I say, what's this?" he roared out. "Oh, you d—d rascals!"

He knew it could only be us. We laughed so immoderately, that we had not the power to move or to speak; while the poor admiral was spitting, sputtering, and coughing, enough to bring his heart up.

"You infernal villains! No respect for a flag-officer? I'll serve you out for this."

The tears rolled down our cheeks; but not with grief. As soon as the admiral had sufficiently recovered himself to go in pursuit, we thought it time to make sail. We knew we were discovered; and as the matter could not be made worse, we resolved to tell him what it was for. Ned began.

"How do you do, admiral? you have taken a shower-bath this morning."

He looked up, with his teeth clenched—"Oh, it's you, is it? Yes, I thought it could be no one else. Yes, I have had a shower-bath, and be d——d to you; and that sea-devil of a friend of yours. Pretty pass the service has come to, when officers of my rank are treated in this way. I'll make you both envy the tom-cat."

"Beware the housekeeper, admiral," said Ned. "Maria has made it up with me, admiral, and she sends her love to you."

"D—n Maria."

"Oh, very well, I'll tell her so," said Ned.

"Admiral," said I, "do you remember when you sent the —— to sea in a gale of wind, when I was midshipman of her? Well, I got just as wet that night as you are now. Pray, admiral, have you any commands to the Misses M'Flinn?"

"I'll tell you when I catch hold of you," said Sir Hurricane, as he moved up stairs to his room, dripping like Pope's Lodona, only not smelling so sweet.

Hearing a noise, the housekeeper came up, and all the family assembled to condole with the humid admiral, but each enjoying the joke as much as ourselves. We however paid rather dearly for it. The admiral swore that neither of us should eat or drink in the house for three days; and Ned's father, though ready to burst with laughter, was forced in common decency to say that he thought the admiral perfectly right after so gross a violation of hospitality.

I went and dined on board my ship, Ned went to a coffee-house; but on the third morning after the shower, I popped my head into the breakfast parlour, and said,

"Admiral, I have a good story to tell you, if you will let me come in."

"I'd see you d——d first, you young scum of a fish pond. Be off, or I'll shy the ham at your head."

"No, but indeed, my dear Admiral, it is such a nice story; it is one just to your fancy."

"Well then, stand there and tell it, but don't come in, for if you do——"

I stood at the door and told him the story.

"Well, now," said he, "that is a good story, and I will forgive you for it." So with a hearty laugh at my ingenuity, he promised to forgive us both, and I ran and fetched Ned to breakfast.

This was the safest mode we could have adopted to get into favour, for the admiral

was a powerful, gigantic fellow, that could have given us some very awkward squeezes. The peace was very honourably kept, and the next day the ship sailed.

CHAPTER VI.

They turned into a long and wide street, in which not a single living figure appeared to break the perspective. Solitude is never so overpowering as when it exists among the works of man. In old woods, or on the tops of mountains, it is graceful and benignant, for it is at home; but where thick dwellings are, it wears a ghost-like aspect.

Inesilla.

We were ordered to look out for the American squadron that had done so much mischief to our trade; and directed our course, for this purpose, to the coast of Africa. We had been out about ten days, when a vessel was seen from the mast-head. We were at that time within about one hundred and eighty leagues of the Cape de Verd Islands. We set all sail in chace, and soon made her out to be a large frigate, who seemed to have no objection to the meeting, but evidently

tried her rate of sailing with us occasionally: her behaviour left us no doubt that she was an American frigate, and we cleared for action.

The captain, I believe, had never been in a sea fight, or if he had, he had entirely forgotten all he had learned; for which reason, in order to refresh his memory, he laid upon the capstan-head, the famous epitome of John Hamilton Moore, now obsolete, but held at that time to be one of the most luminous authors who had ever treated on maritime affairs. John, who certainly gives a great deal of advice on every subject, has, amongst other valuable directions, told us how to bring a ship into action, according to the best and most approved methods, and how to take your enemy afterwards, if you can. But the said John must have thought red hot shot could be heated by a process somewhat similar to that by which he heated his own nose, or he must entirely have forgotten "the manners and customs in such cases used at sea," for he recommends, as a prelude or first course

to the entertainment, a good dose of red hot shot, served up the moment the guests are assembled; but does not tell us where the said dishes are to be cooked. No doubt whatever that a broadside composed of such ingredients, would be a great desideratum in favour of a victory, especially if the enemy should happen to have none of his own to give in return.

So thought his lordship, who walking up to the first lieutenant, said,

"Mr. Thingamay, don't you think red hot what-do-ye-call-ums should be given in the first broadside to that thingumbob?"

"Red hot shot, do you mean, my lord?"

"Yes," said his lordship; "don't you think they would settle his hash?"

"Where the devil are we to get them, my lord?" said the first lieutenant, who was not the same that wanted to fight me for saying he was as clever a fellow as the captain: that man had been unshipped by the machinations of Toady.

"Very true," said his lordship.

We now approached the stranger very fast, when, to our great mortification, she proved to be an English frigate; made the private signal, it was answered; shewed her number, we showed ours, and her captain being junior officer came on board, to pay his respects and shew his order. He was three weeks from England, brought news of a peace with France, and, among other treats, a navy list, which, next to a bottle of London porter, is the greatest luxury to a sea officer in a foreign climate.

Greedily did we all run over this interesting little book, and among the names of the new made commanders, I was overjoyed to find my own; the last on the list to be sure, but that I cared not for. I received the congratulations of my messmates; we parted company with the stranger, and steered for the island of St. Jago, our captain intending to complete his water in Port Praya Bay, previous to a long cruize after the American squadron.

We found here a slave vessel in charge of a naval officer, bound to England; and I thought this a good opportunity to quit, not being over anxious to serve as a lieutenant when I knew I was a commander. I was also particularly anxious to return to England for many reasons, the hand of my dear Emily standing at the head of them. I therefore requested the captain's permission to quit the ship; and as he wished to give an acting order to one of his own followers, he consented. I took my leave of all my messmates, and of my captain, who, though an unfeeling coxcomb, and no sailor, certainly had some good points about him: in fact, his lordship was a gentleman; and had his ship fallen in with an enemy, she would have been well fought, as he had good officers, was sufficiently aware of his own incapability, would take advice, and as a man of undaunted bravery, was not to be surpassed in the service.

On the third day after our arrival, the frigate sailed. I went on board the slaver, which had no slaves on board, except four, to assist in working

the vessel; she was in a filthy state, and there was no inn on shore, and of course no remedy. Port Praya is the only good anchorage in the island; the old town of St. Jago was deserted, in consequence of there being only an open roadstead before it, very unsafe for vessels to lie in. The town of Port Praya is a miserable assemblage of mud huts; the governor's house, and one more, are better built, but they are not so comfortable as a cottage in England. There were not ten Portuguese on the island, and above ten thousand blacks, all originally slaves; and yet every thing was peaceable, although fresh arrivals of slaves came every day.

It was easy to distinguish the different races: the Yatoffes are tall men, not very stoutly built; most of them are soldiers. I have seen ten of them standing together, the lowest not less than six feet two or three inches. The Foulahs, from the Ashantee country, are another race; they are powerful and muscular, ill-featured, badly disposed, and treacherous. The Man-

dingoes are a smaller race than the others, but they are well disposed and tractable.

This island of slaves is kept in subjection by slaves only, who are enrolled as soldiers, miserably equipped; a cap and a jacket was all they owed to art, nature provided the rest of their uniform. The governor's orderly alone sported a pair of trowsers, and these were on permanent duty, being transferred from one to the other as their turn for that service came on.

I paid my respects to the governor, who, although a Portuguese, chose to follow the fashion of the island, and was as black as most of his subjects. After a few French compliments, I took my leave. I was curious to see the old town of St. Jago, which had been abandoned; and after a hot walk of two hours over uncultivated ground, covered with fine goats, which are the staple of the island, I reached the desolate spot.

It was melancholy to behold: it seemed as if the human race were extinct. The town was

built on a wide ravine running down to the sea; the houses were of stone, and handsome; the streets regular and paved, which proves that it had formerly been a place of some importance; but it is surprising that a spot so barren as this island generally is, should ever have had any mercantile prosperity. Whatever it did enjoy, I should conceive must have been anterior to the Portuguese having sailed round the Cape of Good Hope; and the solidity and even elegance of construction among the buildings, justifies the supposition.

The walls were massive, and remained entire; the churches were numerous, but the roofs of them and the dwelling houses, had mostly fallen in. Trees had grown to a considerable height in the midst of the streets, piercing through the pavements and raising the stones on each side; and the convent gardens were a mere wilderness. The cocoa-nut tree had thrust its head through many a roof, and its long stems through the tops of the houses; the banana luxuriated

out of the windows. The only inhabitants of a town capable of containing ten thousand inhabitants, were a few friars who resided in a miserable ruin which had once been a beautiful convent. They were the first negro friars I had ever seen; their cowls were as black as their faces, and their hair grey and woolly. I concluded they had adopted this mode of life as being the laziest; but I could not discover by what means they could gain a livelihood, for there were none to give them any thing in charity.

The appearance of these poor men, added infinitely to the necromantic character of the whole melancholy scene. There was a beauty, a loveliness, in these venerable ruins, which delighted me. There was a solemn silence in the town; but there was a small, still voice, that said to me: "London may one day be the same—and Paris; and you and your children's children, will all have lived and had their loves and adventures; but who will the wretched

man be, that shall sit on the summit of Primrose Hill, and look down upon the desolation of the mighty city, as I, from this little eminence, behold the once flourishing town of St. Jago?"

The goats were browsing on the side of the hill, and the little kids frisking by their dams. "These," thought I, "perhaps are the only food and nourishment of these poor friars." I walked to Port Praya, and returned to my floating prison, the slave ship. The officer who was conducting her home, as a prize, was not a pleasant man; I did not like him: and nothing passed between us but common civility. He was an old master's mate, who had probably served his time thrice over; but having no merit of his own, and no friends to cause that defect to be overlooked, he had never obtained promotion: he therefore naturally looked on a young commander with envy. He had only given me a passage home, from motives which he could not resist; first, because he was forced to obey the orders of my late captain; and, secondly, be-

cause my purse would supply the cabin with the necessary stock of refreshments, in the shape of fruit, poultry, and vegetables, which are to be procured at Port Praya; he was therefore under the necessity of enduring my company.

The vessel, I found, was not to sail on the following day, as he intended. I therefore took my gun, at day-break, and wandered with a guide up the valleys, in search of the pintados, or Guinea fowl, with which the island abounds; but they were so shy that I never could get a shot at them; and I returned over the hills, which my guide assured me was the shortest way. Tired with my walk, I was not sorry to arrive at a sheltered valley, where the palmetto and the plantain offer a friendly shade from the burning sun. The guide, with wonderful agility, mounted the cocoa-nut tree, and threw down half a dozen nuts. They were green, and their milk I thought the most refreshing and delicious draught I had ever taken.

The vesper bells at Port Praya were now

summoning the poor black friars to their devotion; and a stir and bustle appeared among the little black boys and girls, of whose presence I was till then ignorant. They ran from the coverts, and assembled near the front of the only cottage visible to my eye. A tall elderly negro man came out, and took his seat on a mound of turf a few feet from the cottage; he was followed by a lad, about twenty years of age, who bore in his hand a formidable cowskin. For the information of my readers, I must observe that a cowskin is a large whip, made like a riding whip, out of the hide of the hippopotamus, or sea-cow, and is proverbial for the severity of punishment it is capable of inflicting. After the executioner, came, with slow and measured steps, the poor little culprits, five boys and three girls, who, with most rueful faces, ranged themselves, rank and file, before the old man.

I soon perceived that the hands were turned up for punishment; but the nature of the offence I had yet to learn: nor did I know whether any

order had been given to strip. With the boys, this would have been supererogatory, as they were quite naked. The female children had on cotton chemises, which they slowly and reluctantly rolled up, until they had gathered them close under their arm-pits.

The old man then ordered the eldest boy to begin his Pater Noster; and simultaneously the whipper-in elevated his cowskin by way of encouragement. The poor boy watched it, out of the corner of his eye, and then began "Pattery nobstur, qui, qui, qui— (here he received a most severe lash from the cowskin bearer)—is in silly," roared the boy, as if the continuation had been expelled from his mouth by the application of external force in an opposite direction—"sancty fisheter nom tum, adveny regnum tum, fi notun tas, ta, ti, tu, terror," roared the poor fellow, as he saw the lash descending on his defenceless back—

"Terror indeed," thought I.

"Pannum nossum quotditty hamminum da nobs holyday, e missy nobs debitty nossa si

cut nos demittimissibus debetenibas nossimus e, ne, nos hem-duckam in, in, in temptationemum, sed lillibery nos a ma—ma—" Here a heavy lash brought the very Oh! that was "caret" to complete the sentence.

My readers are not to suppose that the rest of the class acquitted themselves with as much ability as their leader, who, compared to them, was perfectly erudite; the others received a lash for every word, or nearly so. The boys were first disposed of, in order, I suppose, that they might have the full benefit of the applicant's muscles; while the poor girls had the additional pleasure of witnessing the castigation until their turn came; and that they were aware of what awaited them was evident, from their previous arrangement and disposition of dress, at the commencement of the entertainment. The girls accordingly came up one after another to say their Ave Maria, as more consonant to their sex; but I could scarcely contain my rage when the rascally cowskin was applied to them, or my

laughter when, smarting under its lash, they exclaimed, "Benedicta Mulieribus," applying their little hands with immoderate pressure to the afflicted part.

I could have found in my heart to have wrested the whip out of the hands of the young negro, and applied it with all my might to him, and his old villain of a master, and father of these poor children, as I soon found he was. My patience was almost gone when the second girl received a lash for her "Plena Gratia." She screamed, and danced, and lifted up her poor legs in agony, rubbing herself on her "*west*" side, as the Philadelphia ladies call it, with as much assiduity as if it had been one of those cases in which friction is prescribed by the faculty.

But the climax was yet to come. A grand stage effect was to be produced before the falling of the curtain. The youngest girl was so defective in her lesson, that not one word of it could be extracted from her, even by the

cowskin; nothing but piercing shrieks, enough to make my heart bleed, could the poor victim utter. Irritated at the child's want of capacity to repeat by rote what she could not understand, the old man darted from his seat, and struck her senseless to the ground.

I could bear no more. My first impulse was to wrest the cowskin from the negro's hand, and revenge the poor bleeding child as she lay motionless on the ground; but a moment's reflection convinced me that such a step would only have brought down a double weight of punishment on the victims when I was gone; so, catching up my hat, I turned away with disgust, and walked slowly towards the town and bay of Port Praya, reflecting as I went along what pleasant ideas the poor creatures must entertain of religion, when the name of God and of the cowskin were invariably associated in their minds. I began to parody one of Watts's hymns—

> "Lord! how delightful 'tis to see
> A whole assembly worship thee."

The indignation I felt against this barbarous and ignorant negro, was not unmingled with some painful recollections of my own younger days, when, in a christian and protestant country, the bible and prayer-book had been made objects of terror to my mind ; tasks, greater than my capacity could compass, and floggings in proportion, were not calculated to forward the cause of religious instruction in the mind of an obstinate boy.

Reaching the water-side, I embarked on board of my slaver ; and the next day sailed for England. We had a favourable passage until we reached the chops of the channel, when a gale of wind from the north-east caught us, and drove us down so far to the southward that the prize master found himself under the necessity of putting into Bordeaux to refit,and to replenish his water.

I was not sorry for this, as I was tired of the company of this officer, who was both illiterate and illnatured, neither a sailor nor a gentleman.

Like many others in the service, who are most loud in their complaints for want of promotion, I considered that even in his present rank he was what we called a *king's hard bargain*—that is, not worth his salt; and promoting men of his stamp would only have been picking the pocket of the country. As soon, therefore, as we had anchored in the Gironde, off the city of Bordeaux, and had been visited by the proper authorities, I quitted the vessel and her captain, and went on shore.

Taking up my abode at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, my first care was to order a good dinner; and having dispatched that, and a bottle of Vin de Beaune, (which, by the by, I strongly recommend to all travellers, if they can get it, for I am no bad judge), I asked my *valet de place* how I was to dispose of myself for the remainder of the evening?

"*Mais, monsieur*," said he, "*il faut aller au spectacle.*"

"*Allons*," said I, and in a few minutes I was

seated in the stage-box of the handsomest theatre in the world.

What strange events—what unexpected meetings and sudden separations are sailors liable to—what sudden transitions from grief to joy, from joy to grief, from want to affluence, from affluence to want! All this the history of my life, for the last six months, will fully illustrate.

CHAPTER VII.

You will proceed in pleasure and in pride,
Beloved, and loving many; all is o'er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core.
Don Juan.

I PAID little attention to the performance; for the moment I came to the house, my eyes were rivetted on an object from which I found it impossible to remove them. "It is," said I, "and yet it cannot be; and yet why should it not?" A young lady sat in one of the boxes; she was elegantly attired, and seemed to occupy the united attentions of many Frenchmen, who eagerly caught her smiles.

"Either that is Eugenia," thought I, "or I

have fallen asleep in the ruins of St. Jago, and am dreaming of her. That is Eugenia, or I am not Frank. It is her, or it is her ghost." Still I had not that moral certainty of the identity, as to enable me to go at once to her, and address her. Indeed, had I been certain, all things considered, the situation we were in would have rendered such a step highly improper.

"If that be Eugenia," thought I, again, "she has improved both in manner and person. She has a becoming *embonpoint*, and an air *de bon societé* which, when we parted, she had not."

The more intensely I gazed, the more convinced was I that I was right; the immovable devotion of my eyes attracted the attention of a French officer, who sat near me.

"*C'est une jolie femme, n'est-ce pas, monsieur?*"

"*Vraiment*," said I. "Do you know her name?"

"*Elle s'appelle Madame de Rosenberg.*"

"Then I am wrong, after all," said I to myself. "Has she a husband, Sir?"

"*Pardonnez-moi, elle est veuve, mais elle a un petit garçon de cinq ans, beau comme un ange.*"

"That is her," said I again, reviving. "Is she a Frenchwoman?"

"*Du tout, Monsieur, elle est une de vos compatriottes; c'est une forte jolie exemplaire.*"

She had only been three months at Bordeaux, and had refused many very good offers in marriage. Such was the information I obtained from my obliging neighbour; and I was now convinced that Madame de Rosenberg could be no other than Eugenia. Every endeavour to catch her eye proved abortive. My only hope was to follow the carriage.

When the play was over, I waited with an impatience like that of a spirited hunter who hears the hounds. At last, the infernal squalling of the vocalists ceased, but not before I had devoutly wished that all the wax candles in the house were down their throats and burning

there. I saw one of the gentlemen in the box placing the shawl over her shoulders, with the most careful attention, while the by-standers seemed ready to tear him in pieces, from envy. I hurried to the door, and saw her handed into her carriage, which drove off at a great pace. I ran after it, jumped up behind, and took my station by the side of the footman.

"*Descendez donc, Monsieur*," said the man.

"I'll be d—d if I do," said I.

"*Comment donc ?*" said the man.

"*Tai-toi bête*," said I, "*ou je te bruterai la cervelle.*"

"*Vous f——e*," said the man, who behaved very well, and instantly began to remove me, *vi et armis*; but I planted a stomacher in his fifth button, which I knew would put him *hors de combat*, for a few minutes, and by that time, at the rate the carriage was driving, my purpose would have been answered. The fellow lost his breath—could not hold on or speak—so tumbled off and lay in the middle of the road.

As he fell on dry ground and was not an English sailor, I did not jump after him, but left him to his own ease, and we saw no more of him, for we were going ten knots, while he lay becalmed without a breath of wind. This was one of the most successful acts of usurpation recorded in modern history. It has its parallels, I know; but I cannot now stop to comment on them, or on my own folly and precipitation. I was as firmly fixed behind the carriage, as Bonaparte was on the throne of France after the battle of Eylau.

We stopped at a large *porte cochère*, being the entrance to a very grand house, with lamps at the door, within a spacious court yard; we drove in and drew up. I was down in a moment, opened the carriage door, and let down the steps. The lady descended, laid her hand on my arm without perceiving that she had changed her footman, and tripped lightly up the stairs. I followed her into a handsome saloon, where another servant in livery had placed lights on

the table. She turned round, saw me, and fainted in my arms.

It was, indeed, Eugenia, herself; and with all due respect to my dear Emily, I borrowed a thousand kisses while she lay in a state of torpor, in a fauteuil to which I carried her. It was some few minutes before she opened her eyes; the man-servant, who had brought the lights, very properly never quitted the room, but was perfectly respectful in his manner, rightly conceiving that I had some authority for my proceedings.

"My dearest Frank," said Eugenia, "what an unexpected meeting! What, in the name of fortune, could have brought you here?"

"That," said I, "is a story too long, Eugenia, for a moment so interesting as this. I also might ask you the same question; but it is now one o'clock in the morning, and, therefore, too late to begin with inquiry. This one question, however, I must ask—are you a mother?"

"I am," said Eugenia, "of the most lovely boy that ever blessed the eyes of a parent; he is now in perfect health and fast asleep—come to-morrow, at ten o'clock, and you shall see him."

"To-morrow," said I, wlth surprise, "to-morrow, Eugenia? why am I to quit your house?"

"That also you shall know, to-morrow," said she; "but now you must do as you are desired. To-morrow, I will be at home to no one but you."

Knowing Eugenia, as I did, it was sufficient that she had decided. There was no appeal; so, kissing her again, I wished her a good night, quitted her, and retired to my hotel. What a night of tumult did I pass! I was tossed from Emily to Eugenia, like a shuttlecock between two battledores. The latter never looked so lovely; and to the natural loveliness of her person, was added a grace and a polish, which gave a lustre to her charms, which almost served

Emily as I had served the footman. I never once closed my eyes during the night—dressed early the next morning, walked about, looked at Château Trompette and the Roman ruins—thought the hour of ten would never strike, and when it did, I struck the same moment at her door.

The man who opened it to me, was the same whom I had treated so ill the night before; the moment he saw me, he put himself into an attitude at once of attack, defence, remonstrance, and revenge, all connected with the affair of the preceding evening.

"*Ah, ah, vous voilà donc! ce n'étoit pas bien-fait, Monsieur.*"

"*Oui,*" said I, "*très nettement fait, et voilà encore,*" slipping a Napoleon into his hand.

"*Ca s'arrange très-joliment, Monsieur,*" said the man, grinning from ear to ear, and bowing to the ground.

"*C'est Madame, que vous voulez donc?*"

"*Oui,*" said I.

He led, I followed; he opened the door of

a breakfast parlour—" *tenez, Madame, voici le Monsieur que m'a renversé hier au soi.*"

Eugenia was seated on a sofa, with her boy by her side, the loveliest little fellow I had ever beheld. His face was one often described, but rarely seen; it was shaded with dark curling ringlets, his mouth, eyes, and complexion, had much of his mother, and, vanity whispered me, much more of myself. I took a seat on the sofa, and with the boy on my knee, and Eugenia by my side, held her hand, while she narrated the events of her life since the time of our separation.

"A few days," said she, "after your departure for the Flushing expedition, I read in the public prints, that 'if the nearest relation of my mother would call at ——, in London, they would hear of something to their advantage.' I wrote to the agent, from whom I learned, after proving my identity, that the two sisters of my mother, who, you may remember, had like sums left them by the will of their relative, had continued to live in a state of single blessedness;

that, about four years previous, one of them had died, leaving every thing to the other, and that the other had died only two months before, bequeathing all her property to my mother or her next heir; or, in default of that, to some distant relation. I, therefore, immediately came into a fortune of ten thousand pounds, with interest; and I was further informed that a great-uncle of mine was still living, without heirs, and was most anxious that my mother or her heirs should be discovered. An invitation was therefore sent to me to go down to him, and to make his house my future residence.

"At that time, the effects of my indiscretion were but too apparent, and rendered, as I thought, deception justifiable. I put on widow's weeds, and gave out that my husband was a young officer, who had fallen a victim to the fatal Walcheren fever; that our marriage had been clandestine, and unknown to any of his friends: such was my story and appearance before the agent, who believed me. The same fabri-

cation was put upon my grand-uncle, with equal success. I was received into his house with parental affection; and in that house I gave birth to the dear child you now hold in your arms—to your child, my Frank—to the only child I shall ever have. Yes, dear Eugenio," continued she, pressing her rosy lips on the broad white neck of the child, "you shall be my only care, my solace, my comfort, and my joy. Heaven, in its mercy, sent the cherub to console its wretched mother in the double pangs of guilt and separation from all she loved; and Heaven shall be repaid, by my return to its slighted, its insulted laws. I feel that my sin is forgiven; for I have besought forgiveness night and day, with bitter tears, and Heaven has heard my prayer. 'Go, and sin no more,' was said to me; and upon these terms I have received forgiveness.

"You will no doubt ask, why did I not let you know all this? and why I so carefully secreted myself from you? My reasons were

founded on the known impetuosity of your character. You, my beloved, who could brave death, and all the military consequences of desertion from a ship lying at Spithead, were not likely to listen to the suggestions of prudence when Eugenia was to be found; and, having once given out that I was a widow, I resolved to preserve the consistency of my character for my own sake—for your sake, and for the sake of this blessed child, the only drop that has sweetened my cup of affliction. Had you by any means discovered my place of abode, the peace of my uncle's house, and the prospects of my child, had been for ever blasted.

"Now then say, Frank, have I, or have I not, acted the part of a Roman mother? My grand-uncle having declared his intention of making me heir to his property, for his sake, and yours, and for my child, I have preserved the strict line of duty, from which God, in his infinite mercy, grant that I may never depart.

"I first resolved upon not seeing you until I

could be more my own mistress; and when, at the death of my respected relative, I was not only released from any restraint on account of his feelings, but also became still more independent in my circumstances, you might be surprised that I did not immediately impart to you the change of fortune which would have enabled us to have enjoyed the comfort of unrestricted communication. But time, reflection, the conversation and society of my uncle and his select friends, the care of my infant, and the reading of many excellent books, had wrought a great change in my sentiments. Having once tasted the pleasures of society among virtuous women, I vowed to Heaven that no future act of mine should ever drive me from it. The past could not be recalled; but the future was my own.

"I took the sacrament after a long and serious course of reading; and, having made my vows at the altar, with the help of God, they are unchangeable. Dramatic works, the

pernicious study and poison of my youthful ardent mind, I have long since discarded; and I had resolved never to see you again, until after your marriage with Miss Somerville had been solemnized. Start not! By the simplest and easiest means I have known all your movements—your dangers, your escapes, your undaunted acts of bravery and self-devotion for the sake of others.

"'Shall I then,' said I to myself, 'blast the prospects of the man I love—the father of my boy? Shall I, to gratify the poor, pitiful ambition of becoming the wife of him, to whom I once was the mistress, sacrifice thus the hopes and fortune of himself and family, the reward of a virtuous maiden?' In all this I hope you will perceive a proper share of self denial. Many, many floods of bitter tears of repentance and regret have I shed over my past conduct; and I trust, that what I have suffered and what I shall suffer, will be received as my atonement at the Throne of Grace. True, I

once looked forward to the happy period of our union, when I might have offered myself to you, not as a portionless bride; but I was checked by one maddening, burning, inextinguishable thought. I could not be received into that society to which you were entitled. I felt that I loved you, Frank; loved you too well to betray you. The woman that had so little respect for herself, was unfit to be the wife of Francis Mildmay.

"Besides, how could I do my sweet boy the injustice to allow him to have brothers and sisters possessing legitimate advantages over him? I felt that our union never could be one of happiness, even if you consented to take me as your wife, of which I had my doubts; and when I discovered, through my emissaries, that you were on the point of marriage with Miss Somerville, I felt that it was all for the best; that I had no right to complain; the more so as it was I who (I blush to say it) had seduced you.

"But, Frank, if I cannot be your wife—and alas! I know too well that that is impossible—will you allow me to be your friend, your dear friend, as the mother of your child, or, if you please, as your sister? But there the sacred line is drawn; it is a compact between my God and myself. You know my firmness and decision; once maturely deliberated, my resolution formed, it is not, I think, in man to turn me. Do not, therefore, make the attempt; it will only end in your certain defeat and shame, and in my withdrawing from your sight for ever. You will not, I am sure, pay me so bad a compliment as to wish me to renew the follies of my youth. If you love me, respect me; promise, by the love you bear to Miss Somerville, and your affection for this poor boy, that you will do as I wish you. Your honour and peace of mind, as well as mine, demand it."

This severe rebuke, from a quarter, whence I least expected it, threw me back with shame and confusion. As if a mirror had been held

up to me, I saw my own deformity. I saw that Eugenia was not only the guardian of her own honour, but of mine, and of the happiness of Miss Somerville, against whom I now stood convicted of foul deceit and shameful wrong. I acknowledged my fault, I assured Eugenia that I was bound to her, by every tie of honour, esteem, and love; and that her boy and mine should be our mutual care.

"Thank you, dearest," said she: "you have taken a heavy load from my mind: henceforth remember we are brother and sister. I shall now be able to enjoy the pleasure of your society; and now, as that point is settled, let me know what has occurred to you since we parted—the particulars I mean, for the outline I have had before."

I related to her everything which had happened to me, from the hour of our separation to the moment I saw her so unexpectedly in the theatre. She was alternately affected with terror, surprise, and laughter. She took a hearty

crying spell over the motionless bodies of Clara and Emily, as they lay on the floor; but recovered from that, and went into hysterics of laughter, when I described the footman's mistake, and the slap on the face bestowed on him by the housemaid.

My mind was not naturally corrupt. It was only so at times, and from peculiar circumstances; but I was always generous, and easily recalled to a sense of my duty, when reminded of my fault. Not for an empire would I have persuaded Eugenia to break her vow. I loved and respected the mother of my child; the more when I reflected that she had been the means of preserving my fidelity to Emily. I rejoiced to think that my friendship for the one, and love for the other, were not incompatible. I wrote immediately to Emily, announcing my speedy return to England.

"Having the most perfect reliance on your honour, I shall now," said Eugenia, "accept of your escort to London, where my presence is

required. Pierre shall accompany us—he is a faithful creature, though you used him so ill."

"That," said I, "is all made up, and Pierre will be heartily glad of another tumble for the same price."

All our arrangements were speedily made. The house was given up—a roomy travelling barouche received all our trunks; and, seated by the side of Eugenia, with the child between us, we crossed the Gironde, and took our way through Poictiers, Tours, and Orleans, to Paris; here we remained but a short time. Neither of us were pleased with the manners and habits of the French; but as they have been so fully described by the swarms of English travellers who have infested that country with their presence, and this with the fruits of their labours, I shall pass as quietly through France, as I hope to do through the Thames Tunnel, when it is completed, but not before.

Eugenia consulted me as to her future residence; and here I own I committed a great

error, but, I declare to Heaven, without any criminal intention. I ventured to suggest that she should live in a very pretty village a few miles from —— Hall, the residence of Mr. Somerville, and where, after my marriage, it was intended that I should continue to reside with Emily. To this village, then, I directed her to go, assuring her that I should often ride over and visit her.

"Much as I should enjoy your company, Frank," said Eugenia, "this is a measure fraught with evil to all parties; nor is it fair dealing towards your future wife."

Unhappily for me, that turn for duplicity, which I had imbibed in early life, had not forsaken me, notwithstanding the warnings I had received, and the promises of amendment which I had made. Flattering myself that I intended no harm, I overruled all the scruples of the excellent Eugenia. She despatched a confidential person to the village; on the outskirts of which, he procured for her a commodious, and even

elegant cottage ornée ready furnished. She went down with her child and Pierre to take possession; and I to my father's house, where my appearance was hailed as a signal for a grand jubilee.

Clara I found had entirely changed her unfavourable opinion of sea officers, induced thereto by the engaging manners of my friend Talbot, on whom I was delighted to learn she was about to bestow her very pretty little white hand at the altar. This was a great triumph to the navy, for I always told Clara, laughingly, that I never would forgive her if she quitted the service; and as I entertained the highest respect for Talbot, I considered the prospects of my sister were very bright and flattering, and that she had made a choice very likely to secure her happiness. "Rule Britannia," said I to Clara; "Blue for ever!"

The next morning I started for Mr. Somerville's, where I was of course received with open arms; and the party, a few days after,

having been increased by the arrival of my father with Clara and Talbot, I was as happy as a human being could be. Six weeks was the period assigned by my fair one as the very shortest in which she could get rigged, bend new sails, and prepare for the long and sometimes tedious voyage of matrimony. I remonstrated at the unconscionable delay.

"Long as it may appear," she said, "it is much less time than you took to fit out your fine frigate for North America."

"That frigate was not got ready even then by any hurry of mine," said I; "and if ever I come to be first lord of the Admiralty, I shall have a bright eye on the young lieutenants and their sweethearts at Blackheath, particularly when a ship is fitting in a hurry at Woolwich."

Much of this kind of sparring went on, to the great amusement of all parties; meanwhile, the ladies employed themselves in running up milliners' bills, and their papas employed themselves in discharging them. My father was parti-

cularly liberal to Emily in the articles of plate and jewellery, and Mr. Somerville equally kind to Clara. Emily received a trinket box, so beautifully fitted and so well filled, that it required a cheque of no trifling magnitude to cry quits with the jeweller; indeed my father's kindness was so great, that I was forced to beg he would set some bounds to his liberality.

I was so busy and so happy, that I had let three weeks pass over my head without seeing Eugenia. I dreamed of her at last, and thought she upbraided me; and the next day, full of my dream, as soon as breakfast was over, I recommended the young ladies to the care of Talbot, and, mounting my horse, rode over to see Eugenia. She received me kindly, but she had suffered in her health, and was much out of spirits. I inquired the reason, and she burst into tears. "I shall be better, Frank," said she, "when all is over, but I must suffer now; and I suffer the more acutely from a conviction that I am only paying the penalty of my own

crime. Perhaps," continued she, "had I never departed from virtue, I might at this moment have held in your heart the envied place of Miss Somerville; but as the righteous decrees of Providence having provided punishment to tread fast in the footsteps of guilt, I am now expiating my faults, and I have a presentiment that although the struggle is bitter, it will soon be over. God's will be done; and may you, my dear Frank, have many, many happy years in the society of one you are bound to love before the unhappy Eugenia."

Here she sank on a sofa, and again wept bitterly.

"I feel," said she, "now, but it is too late—I feel that I have acted wrongly in quitting Bordeaux. There I was loved and respected; and if not happy, at least I was composed. Too much dependence on my resolution, and the vanity of supposing myself superior in magnanimity to the rest of my sex, induced me to trust myself in your society. Dearly, alas!

have I paid for it. My only chance of victory over myself was flight from you, after I had given the irrevocable sentence; by not doing so, the poison has again found its way to my heart. I feel that I love you; that I cannot have you; and that death, very shortly, must terminate my intolerable sufferings."

This affecting address pierced me to the soul; and now the consequences of my guilt and duplicity rushed upon me like a torrent through a bursting flood-gate. I would have resigned Emily, I would have fled with Eugenia to some distant country, and buried our sorrows in each other's bosoms; and, in a state of irrepressible emotion, I proposed this step to her.

"What do I hear, my beloved?" said she, (starting up with horror from the couch on which she was sitting, with her face between her knees,) "what! is it you that would resign home, friends, character, the possession of a

virtuous woman, all, for the polluted smiles of an——"

"Hold! hold! my Eugenia," said I; "do not, I beseech you, shock my ears with an epithet which you do not deserve! Mine, mine, is all the guilt; forget me, and you will still be happy."

She looked at me, then at her sweet boy, who was playing on the carpet—but she made no answer; and then a flood of tears succeeded.

It was, indeed, a case of singular calamity, for a beautiful young creature to be placed in. She was only in her three-and-twentieth year—and, lovely as she was, nature had scarcely had time to finish the picture. The regrets which subdued my mind on that fatal morning, may only be conceived by those who, like me, have led a licentious life—have, for a time, buried all moral and religious feeling, and have been suddenly called to a full sense of their guilt, and the misery they have entailed on the innocent. I sat

down and groaned. I cannot say I wept, for I could not weep; but my forehead burned, and my heart was full of bitterness.

While I thus meditated, Eugenia sat with her hand on her forehead, in a musing attitude. Had she been reverting to her former studies, and thrown herself into the finest conceivable posture of the tragic muse, her appearance would not have been half so beautiful and affecting. I thought she was praying, and I think so still. The tears ran in silence down her face; I kissed them off, and almost forgot Emily.

"I am better now, Frank," said the poor, sorrowful woman; "do not come again until after the wedding. When will it take place?" she inquired, with a trembling and a faltering voice.

My heart almost burst within me, as I told her, for I felt as if I was signing a warrant for her execution. I took her in my arms, and, tenderly embracing her, endeavoured to divert

her thoughts from the mournful fate that too evidently hung over her; she became tranquil, and I proposed taking a stroll in the adjoining park. I thought the fresh air would revive her.

She agreed to this; and, going to her room, returned in a few minutes. To her natural beauty was added on that fatal day a morning dress, which more than any other became her; it was white, richly trimmed, and fashionably made up by a celebrated French milliner. Her bonnet was white muslin, trimmed with light blue ribbons, and a sash of the same colour confined her slender waist. The little Eugenio ran before us, now at my side, and now at his mother's. We rambled about for some time, the burthen of our conversation being the future plans and mode of education to be adopted for the child; this was a subject on which she always dwelt with peculiar pleasure.

Tired with our walk, we sat down under a clump of beech trees, near a grassy ascent, wind-

ing among the thick foliage, contrived by the opulent owner to extend and diversify the rides in his noble domain. Eugenio was playing around us, picking the wild flowers, and running up to me to inquire their names.

The boy was close by my side, when, startled at a noise, he turned round and exclaimed—

"Oh! look, mamma, look, papa, there is a lady and a gentleman a-riding."

I turned round, and saw Mr. Somerville and Emily on horseback, within six paces of me; so still they stood, so mute, I could have fancied Emily a wax-work figure. They neither breathed nor moved; even their very horses seemed to be of bronze, or, perhaps the unfortunate situation in which I found myself made me think them so. They had come as unexpectedly on us as we had discovered them. The soft turf had received the impression of their horses' feet, and returned no sound; and if they snorted, we had either not attended to them, in the warmth of our conversation, or we had never heard them.

I rose up hastily—coloured deeply—stammered, and was about to speak. Perhaps it was better that I did not; but I had no opportunity. Like apparitions they came, and like apparitions they vanished. The avenue from whence they had so silently issued, received them again, and they were gone before Eugenia was sensible of their presence.

CHAPTER VIII.

Fare thee well; and if for ever—
Still for ever fare thee well:
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
BYRON.

I WAS so stunned with this *contretemps*, that I fell senseless to the ground; and it was long before the kind attentions and assiduity of Eugenia could restore me. When she had succeeded, my first act was one of base ingratitude, cruelty, and injustice: I spurned her from me, and upbraided her as the cause of my unfortunate situation. She only replied with tears. I quitted her and th child with-

out bidding them adieu, little thinking I should never see them again. I ran to the inn, where I had left my horse, mounted, and rode back to —— Hall.

Mr. Somerville and his daughter had just arrived, and Emily was lifted off her horse, and obliged to be carried up to her room.

Clara and Talbot came to inquire what had happened. I could give no account of it; but earnestly requested to see Emily. The answer returned was, that Miss Somerville declined seeing me. In the course of this day, which, in point of mental suffering, exceeded all I had ever endured in the utmost severity of professional hardship, an explanation had taken place between myself, my father, and Mr. Somerville. I had done that by the impulse of dire necessity which I ought to have done at first of my own free will. I was caught at last in my own snare. "The trains of the devil are long," said I to myself, "but they are sure to blow up at last."

The consequence of the explanation was my final dismissal, and a return of all the presents which my father and myself had given to Emily. My conduct, though blameable, was not viewed in that heinous light, either by my father or Mr. Somerville; and both of them did all that could be done to restore harmony. Clara and Talbot interposed their kind offices, but with no better success. The maiden pride of the inexorable Emily had been alarmed by a beautiful rival, with a young family, in the next village. The impression had taken hold of her spotless mind, and could not be removed. I was false, fickle, and deceitful, and was given to understand that Miss Somerville did not intend to quit her room until she was assured by her father that I was no longer a guest in the house.

Under these painful circumstances, our remaining any longer at the Hall was both useless and irksome—a source of misery to all.

My father ordered his horses the next

morning, and I was carried back to London, more dead than alive. A burning fever raged in my blood; and the moment I reached my father's house, I was put to bed, and placed under the care of a physician, with nurses to watch me night and day. For three weeks I was in a state of delirium; and when I regained my senses, it was only to renew the anguish which had caused my disorder, and I felt any sentiment except gratitude for my recovery.

My dear Clara had never quitted me during my confinement. I had taken no medicine but from her hand. I asked her to give me some account of what had happened. She told me that Talbot was gone—that my father had seen Mr. Somerville, who had informed him that Emily had received a long letter from Eugenia, narrating every circumstance, exculpating me, and accusing herself. Emily had wept over it, but still remained firm in her resolution never to see me more—"And

I am afraid, my dear brother," said Clara, "that her resolution will not be very easily altered. You know her character, and you should know something about our sex; but sailors, they say, go round the world without going into it. This is the only shadow of an excuse I can form for you, much as I love and esteem you. You have hurt Emily in the nicest point, that in which we are all the most susceptible of injury. You have wounded her pride, which our sex rarely, if ever, forgive. At the very moment she supposed you were devoted to her—that you were wrapped up in the anticipation of calling her your own, and counting the minutes with impatience until the happy day arrived; with all this persuasion on her mind, she comes upon you, as the traveller out of the wood suddenly comes upon the poisonous snake in his path, and cannot avoid it. She found you locked hand-in-hand with another, a fortnight before marriage, and with the fruits of unlawful love in your

arms. What woman could forgive this? I would not, I assure you. If Tal—, I mean if any man were to serve me so, I would tear him from my heart, even if the dissolution of the whole frame was to be the certain consequence. I consider it a kindness to tell you, Frank, that you have no hope. Much as you have and will suffer, she, poor girl, will suffer more; and, although she will never accept you, she will not let your place be supplied by another, but sink, broken-hearted, into her grave. You, like all other men, will forget this; but what a warning ought it to be to you, that, sooner or later, guilt will be productive of misery! This you have fully proved: your licentious conduct with this woman has ruined her peace for ever, and Divine vengeance has dashed from your lips the cup which contained as much happiness as this world could afford: nor has the penalty fallen on you alone—the innocent, who had no share in the crime, are partakers in the punish-

ment; we are all as miserable as yourself. But God's will be done," continued she, as she kissed my aching forehead, and her tears fell on my face.

How heavenly is the love of a sister towards a brother! Clara was now everything to me. Having said thus much to me on the subject of my fault (and it must be confessed that she had not been niggardly in the article of words), she never named the subject again, but sought by every means in her power to amuse and to comfort me. She listened to my exculpation; she admitted that our meeting at Bordeaux was as unpremeditated as it was unfortunate; she condemned the imprudence of our travelling together, and still more the choice of a residence for Eugenia and her son.

Clara's affectionate attention and kind efforts were unavailing. I told her so, and that all hopes of happiness for me in this world were gone for ever.

"My dear, dear brother," said the affectionate girl, "answer me one question. Did you ever pray?"

My answer will pretty well explain to the reader the sort of religion mine was:—

"Why, Clara," said I, "to tell you the truth, though I may not exactly pray, as you call it, yet words are nothing. I feel grateful to the Almighty for his favours when he bestows them on me; and I believe a grateful heart is all he requires."

"Then, brother, how do you feel when he afflicts you?"

"That I have nothing to thank him for," answered I.

"Then, my dear Frank, that is not religion."

"May be so," said I; "but I am in no humour to feel otherwise, at present, so pray drop the subject."

She burst into tears. "This," said she, "is

worse than all. Shall we receive good from the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?"

But seeing that I was in that sullen and untameable state of mind, she did not venture to renew the subject.

As soon as I was able to quit my room, I had a long conversation with my father, who, though deeply concerned for my happiness, said he was quite certain that any attempt at reconciliation would be useless. He, therefore, proposed two plans, and I might adopt whichever was the most likely to divert my mind from my heavy affliction. The first was, to ask his friends at the Admiralty to give me the command of a sloop of war; the second, that I should go upon the continent, and, having passed a year there, return to England, when there was no knowing what change of sentiment time and absence might not produce in my favour. "For," said he, "there is one very remarkable difference in the heart of a man and

of a woman. In the first, absence is very often a cure for love. In the other, it more frequently cements and consolidates it. In your absence, Emily will dwell on the bright parts of your character, and forget its blemishes. The experiment is worth making, and it is the only way which offers a chance of success."

I agreed to this. "But," said I, "as the war with France is now over, and that with America will be terminated no doubt very shortly, I have no wish to put you to the expense, or myself to the trouble, of fitting out a sloop of war in time of peace, to be a pleasure-yacht for great lords and ladies, and myself to be neither more or less than a *maître d'hôtel:* and, after having spent your money and mine, and exhausted all my civilities, to receive no thanks, and hear that I am esteemed at Almack's only 'a tolerable sea brute enough.' A ship, therefore," continued I, "I will not have; and as I think the continent holds out some novelty at least, I will, with your consent, set off."

This point being settled, I told Clara of it. The poor girl's grief was immoderate. "My dearest brother, I shall lose you, and be left alone in the world. Your impetuous and unruly heart is not in a state to be trusted among the gay and frivolous French. You will be at sea without your compass—you have thrown religion overboard—and what is to guide you in the hour of trial?"

"Fear not, dear Clara," said I; "my own energies will always extricate me from the dangers you apprehend."

"Alas! it is these very energies which I dread," said Clara; "but I trust that all will be for the best. Accept," said she, "of this little book from poor broken-hearted Clara; and, if you love her, look at it sometimes."

I took the book, and embracing her affectionately, assured her, that for her sake I would read it.

When I had completed my arrangements for my foreign tour, I determined to take one last

look at ——— Hall before I left England. I set off unknown to my family; and contrived to be near the boundaries of the park by dusk. I desired the postboy to stop half a mile from the house, and to wait my return. I cleared the paling; and, avoiding the direct road, came up to the house. The room usually occupied by the family was on the ground floor, and I cautiously approached the window. Mr. Somerville and Emily were both there. He was reading aloud; she sat at the table with a book before her: but her thoughts, it was evident, were not there; she had inserted her taper fingers into the ringlets of her hair, until the palms of her hand reached her forehead; then, bending her head towards the table, she leaned on her elbows, and seemed absorbed in the most melancholy reflections.

"This, too, is my work," said I; "this fair flower is blighted, and withering by the contagious touch of my baneful hand. Good Heaven! what a wretch am I! whoever loves

me is rewarded by misery. And what have I gained by this wide waste and devastation, which my wickedness has spread around me? Happiness? no, no—that I have lost for ever. Would that *my* loss were all! would that comfort might visit the soul of this fair creature and another. But I dare not—I cannot pray; I am at enmity with God and man. Yet I will make an effort in favour of this victim of my baseness. Oh God," continued I, "if the prayers of an outcast like me can find acceptance, not for myself, but for her, I ask that peace which the world cannot give; shower down thy blessings upon her, alleviate her sorrows, and erase from her memory the existence of such a being as myself. Let not my hateful image hang as a blight upon her beauteous frame."

Emily resumed her book, when her father had ceased reading aloud; and I saw her wipe a tear from her cheek.

The excitement occasioned by this scene,

added to my previous illness, from the effects of which I had not sufficiently recovered, caused a faintness; I sat down under the window, in hopes that it would pass off. It did not, however; for I fell, and lay on the turf in a state of insensibility, which must have lasted nearly half an hour. I afterwards learned from Clara, that Emily had opened the window, it being a French one, to walk out and recover herself. By the bright moon-light, she perceived me lying on the ground. Her first idea was, that I had committed suicide; and, with this impression, she shut the window, and tottering to the back part of the room, fainted. Her father ran to her assistance, and she fell into his arms. She was taken up to her room, and consigned to the care of her woman, who put her to bed; but she was unable to give any account of herself, or the cause of her disorder, until the following day.

For my own part, I gradually came to my senses, and with difficulty regained my chaise,

the driver of which told me I had been gone about an hour. I drove off to town, wholly unaware that I had been observed by any one, much less by Emily. When she related to her father what she had seen, he either disbelieved or affected to disbelieve it, and treated it as the effects of a distempered mind, the phantoms of a disordered imagination; and she at length began to coincide with him.

I started for the continent a few days afterwards. Talbot, who had seen little of Clara since my rejection by Emily, and subsequent illness, offered my father to accompany me; and Clara was anxious that he should go, as she was determined not to listen to any thing he could say during my affliction; she could not, she said, be happy, while I was miserable, and gave him no opportunity of conversing with her on the subject of their union.

We arrived at Paris; but so abstracted was I in thought, that I neither saw nor heard any

thing. Every attention of Talbot was lost upon me. I continued in my sullen stupor, and forgot to read the little book which dear Clara had given, and which, for her sake, I had promised to read. I wrote to Eugenia on my arrival; and disburthened my mind in some measure, by acknowledging my shameful treatment of her. I implored her pardon; and, by return of post, received it. Her answer was affectionate and consoling; but she stated that her spirits, of course, were low, and her health but indifferent.

For many days my mind remained in a state of listless inanity; and Talbot applied, or suffered others to apply, the most pernicious stimulant that could be thought of to rouse me to action. Taking a quiet walk with him, we met some friends of his; and, at their request, we agreed to go to the saloons of the Palais Royal. This was a desperate remedy, and by a miracle only was I saved from utter and irretrievable ruin. How many of my countrymen

have fallen victims to the arts practised in that horrible school of vice, I dare not say! Happy should I be to think that the infection had not reached our own shores, and found patrons among the great men of the land. They have, however, both felt the consequences, and been forewarned of the danger. *They* have no excuse: *mine* was, that I had been excluded from the society of those I loved. Always living by excitement, was it surprising that, when a gaming-table displayed its hoards before me, I should have fallen at once into the snare?

For the first time since my illness, I became interested, and laid down my money on those abhorred tables. My success was variable; but I congratulated myself that at length I had found a stimulus; and I anxiously awaited the return of the hour when the doors would again be opened, and the rooms lighted up for the reception of company. I won considerably; and night after night found me at the table—for avarice is insatiable; but my good luck left me:

and then the same motive induced me to return, with the hope of winning back what I had lost.

Still fortune was unpropitious, and I lost very considerable sums. I became desperate; and drew largely on my father. He wrote to beg that I would be more moderate; as twice his income would not support such an expenditure. He wrote also to Talbot, who informed him in what manner the money had been expended; and that he had in vain endeavoured to divert me from the fatal practice. Finding that no limits were likely to be put to my folly, my father very properly refused to honour any more of my bills.

Maddened with this intimation, for which I secretly blamed Talbot, I drew upon Eugenia's banker, bill after bill, until the sum amounted to more than what my father had paid. At length a letter came from Eugenia. It was but a few lines.

"I know too well, my dearest friend," said

she, "what becomes of the money you have received. If you want it all, I cannot refuse you; but remember that you are throwing away the property of your child."

This letter did more to rouse me to a sense of my infamous conduct than the advice of Talbot, or the admonitions of my father. I felt I was acting like a scoundrel; and I resolved to leave off gaming. "One night more," said I, "and then, if I lose, there is an end of it; I go no more." Talbot attended me: he felt he was in some measure the cause of my being first initiated in this pernicious amusement: and he watched my motions with unceasing anxiety.

The game was *rouge et noir*. I threw a large sum on the red. I won, left the stake, doubled, and won again. The heap of gold had increased to a large size, and still remained to abide the chance of the card. Again, again, and again, it was doubled. Seven times had the red card

been turned up; and seven times had my gold been doubled. Talbot, who stood behind, me, implored and begged me earnestly to leave off.

"What may be the consequence of one card against you? Trust no more to fortune; be content with what you have got."

"That," muttered I, "Talbot, is of no use; I must have more."

Again came up the red, to the astonishment of the bystanders; and to their still greater astonishment, my gold, which had increased to an enormous heap, still remained on the table. Talbot again entreated me not to tempt fortune foolishly.

"Folly," said I, "Talbot, has already been committed; and one more card will do the business. It must be done."

The bankers knowing, after eight red cards had been turned up, how great the chance was of regaining all their losses by a double or quits,

agreed to the ninth card. Talbot trembled like a leaf. The card was turned; it came up red, and the bank was broke.

Here all play ceased for that night. The losers, of course, vented their feelings in the most blasphemous execrations; while I quietly collected all my winnings, and returned home in a *fiacre*, with Talbot, who took the precaution of requesting the attendance of two *gens-d'armes*. These were each rewarded with a Napoleon.

"Now, Talbot," said I, "I solemnly swear, as I hope to go to heaven, never to play again." And this promise I have most religiously kept. My good fortune was one instance in ten thousand, among those who have been ruined in that house. The next morning I refunded all I had drawn upon Eugenia, and all my father had supplied me with, and there still remained a considerable residue.

Determined not to continue in this vortex of

dissipation any longer, where my resolution was hourly put to the test, Talbot and myself agreed to travel down to Brest, an arsenal we were both desirous of seeing.

CHAPTER IX.

Pal. Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her. Friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim.
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I must be,
Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me!
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.
Arc. Fie, Sir!

Two Noble Kinsmen.

We quitted Paris two days after; and a journey of three days, through an uninteresting country, brought us to the little town of Granville, on the sea-coast, in the channel. We remained at this delightful place some days; and our letters being regularly forwarded to us, brought us intelligence from England. My father expressed his astonishment at my returning the money drawn for; and trusted, un-

accountable as the restitution appeared, that I was not offended, and would consider him my banker, as far as his expenditure and style of living would permit him to advance.

Eugenia, in her letters, reproached herself for having written to me; and concluded that I had drawn so largely upon her, merely to prove her sincerity. She assured me, that her caution to me was not dictated by selfishness, but from a consideration for the child.

Clara's letter informed me that every attempt, even to servility, had been made, in order to induce Emily to alter her determination, but without success; and that a coolness had, in consequence, taken place, and almost an entire interruption of the intimacy between the families. She also added, " I am afraid that your friend is even worse than yourself; for I understand that he is engaged to another woman, and has been so for years. Now, as I must consider that the great tie of your intimacy is his supposed partiality to me, and as I conceive you

are under a false impression with respect to his sincerity, I think it my duty to make you acquainted with all I know. It is impossible that you can esteem the man who has trifled with the feelings of your sister; and I sincerely hope that the next letter from you will inform me of your having separated."

How little did poor Clara think, when she wrote this letter, of the consequences likely to arise from it; that in thus venting her complaints, she was exploding a mine which was to produce results ten times more fatal than any thing which had yet befallen us?

I was at this period in a misanthropic state of mind, hating myself and every one about me. The company of Talbot had long been endured, not enjoyed; and I would gladly have availed myself of any plausible excuse for a separation. True, he was my friend, had proved himself so; but I was in no humour to acknowledge favours. Discarded by her I loved, I discarded every one else. Talbot was a log and a chain, and I

thought I could not get rid of him too soon. This letter, therefore, gave me a fair opportunity of venting my spleen; but instead of a cool dismissal, as Clara requested, I determined to dismiss him or myself to another world.

Having finished reading my letter, I laid it down, and made no observation. Talbot, with his usual kind and benevolent countenance, inquired if I had any news? "Yes," I replied, "I have discovered that you are a villain!"

"That is news, indeed," said he; "and strange that the brother of Clara should have been the messenger to convey it; but this is language, Frank, which not even your unhappy state of mind can excuse. Retract your words."

"I repeat them," said I. "You have trifled with my sister, and are a villain." (Had this been true, it was no more than I had done myself; but my victims had no brothers to avenge their wrongs.)

"The name of Clara," replied Talbot, "calms me: believe me, Frank, you are mis-

taken. I love her, and have always had the most honourable intentions towards her."

"Yes," said I, with a sarcastic sneer, "at the time that you have been engaged to another woman .for years. To one or the other you must acknowledge yourself a scoundrel: I do not, therefore, withdraw my appellation, but repeat it; and as you seem so very patient under injuries, I inform you that you must either meet me on the sands this evening, or consent to be stigmatized with another name still more revolting to the feelings of an Englishman."

"Enough, enough, Frank," said Talbot, with a face, in which conscious innocence and manly fortitude were blended; "you have said more than I ever expected to have heard from you, and more than the customs of the world will allow me to put up with. What must be, must; but I still tell you, Frank, that you are wrong—that you are fatally deluded, and that you will bitterly repent the follies of this day.

It is yourself with whom you are angry, and you are venting that anger on your friend."

The words were thrown away on me. I felt a secret malignant pleasure, which blindly impelled me forward, with the certainty of glutting my revenge, by either destroying or being destroyed. My sole preparation for this dreadful conflict was my pistols; no other did I think of, not even the chances of sending my friend and fellow mortal, or going myself into the presence of an Almighty judge. My mind was absorbed in secret pleasure, at the idea of that acute misery which Emily would suffer if I fell by the hand of Talbot.

I repaired to the rendezvous, where I found Talbot waiting. He came up to me, and again said,

"Frank, I call heaven to witness that you are mistaken. You are wrong. Suspend your opinion, at least, if you will not recal your words."

Totally possessed by the devil, and not to be convinced, till too late, I replied to his peaceful

overture by the most insulting irony: "You were not afraid to fire at a poor boy in the water," said I, "though you do not like to stand a shot in return. Come, come, take your ground, be a man, stand up, don't be afraid."

"For myself," said Talbot, with a firm and placid resignation of countenance, "I have no fears; but for you, Frank, I have great cause of alarm:" so saying, he snatched up the loaded pistol which I threw down to him.

We had no seconds; nor was there any person in sight. It was a bright moonlight, and we walked to the water's edge, where the reflux of the tide had left the sand firm to the tread. Here we stood back to back. The usual distance was fourteen paces. Talbot refused to measure his, but stood perfectly still. I walked ten paces, and turned round, "Ready," said I in a low voice.

We both raised our arms; but Talbot, instantly dropping the muzzle of his pistol, said, "I cannot fire at the brother of Clara."

"I can at her insulter," answered I; and, taking deliberate aim, fired, and my ball entered his side. He bounded, gave a half turn round in the air, and fell on his face to the ground.

How sudden are the transitions of the human mind! how close does remorse follow the gratification of revenge! The veil dropped from my eyes; I saw in an instant the false medium, the deceitful vision which had thus allured me into what the world calls "an affair of honour." "Honour," good heaven! had made me a murderer, and the voice of my brother's blood cried out for vengeance.

The manly and athletic form, which one minute before excited my most malignant hatred, when now prostrate and speechless, became an object of frantic affection. I ran to Tabot, and when it was too late perceived the mischief I had done. Murder, cruelty, injustice, and, above all, the most detestable ingratitude, flushed at once into my over-crowded imagination. I turned the body round, and tried to discover if there

were any signs of life. A small stream of blood ran from his side, and, about two feet from him, was lost in the absorbing sand; while from the violence of his fall the sand had filled his mouth and nostrils. I cleaned them out; and, staunching the wound with my handkerchief, for the blood flowed copiously at every respiration, I sat on the sea-shore by his side, supporting him in my arms. I only exclaimed, "Would to God the shark, the poison, the sword of the enemy, or the precipice of Trinidad had destroyed me before this fatal hour."

Talbot opened his languid eyes, and fixed them on me with a glassy stare; but he did not speak. Suddenly, recollection seemed for a moment to return—he recognized me, and, O God, his look of kindness pierced my heart. He made several efforts to speak, and at last said, in broken accents, and at long and painful intervals,

"Look at letter—writing-desk—read all—explain—God bless.—" His head fell back, and he was dead.

Oh, how I envied him! Had he been ten thousand times more guilty than I had ever supposed him, it would have given no comfort to my mind. I had murdered him, and too late I acknowledged his innocence. I know not why, and can scarcely tell how I did it, but I took off my neckcloth, and bound it tightly round his waist, over the wound. The blood ceased to flow. I left the body, and returned to our lodging, in a state of mental prostration and misery, proportioned to the heat and excitement with which I had quitted it.

My first object was to read the letters which my poor friend had referred to. On my arrival, both our servants were up. My hands and clothes were dyed with blood, and they looked at me with astonishment. I ran hastily up stairs, to avoid them, and took the writing-desk, the key of which I knew hung to his watch-chain. Seizing the poker, I split it open, and took out the packet he mentioned. At this moment his servant entered the room.

"*Et mon maître, Monsieur, où est-il?*"

"I have murdered him," said I, "and you will find him on the sands, near the signal-post; and," continued I, "I am now robbing him!"

My appearance and actions seemed to prove the truth of my assertion. The man flew out of the room; but I was regardless of every thing, and even wonder why I should have given my attention to the letters at all, especially as I had now convinced myself of Talbot's innocence. The packet, however, I did read; and it consisted of a series of letters between Talbot and his father, who had engaged him to a young lady of rank and fortune, without consulting him—*une mariage de convenance*—which Talbot had resisted in consequence of his attachment to Clara.

I have already stated that Talbot was of high aristocratic family; and this marriage being wished for by the parents of both parties, they had given it out as being finally settled to

take place on the return of Talbot to England. In the last letter, the father had yielded to his entreaties in favour of Clara; only requesting him not to be precipitate in offering himself, as he wished to find some excuse for breaking off the match; and, above all, he fatally enjoined profound secrecy till the affair was arranged. Here, then, was every thing explained. Indeed, before I had read these letters, my mind did not need this damning proof of his innocence and my guilt.

Just as I had finished reading, the *gens-d'armes* entered my room, and, with the officers of justice, led me away to prison. I walked mechanically. I was conducted to a small building in the centre of a square. This was a *cachot*, with an iron-grated window on each of its four sides, but without glass. There was no bench, or table, or anything but the bare walls and the pavement. The wind blew sharply through. I had not even a great coat; but I felt no cold or personal inconvenience,

for my mind was too much occupied by superior misery. The door closed on me, and I heard the bolts turn. There was not an observation made on either part, and I was left to myself.

"Well," said I, "Fate has now done its worst, and Fortune will be weary at last of tormenting a wretch that she can sink no lower! Death has no terrors for me; and, after death ——!" But, even in my misery, I scarcely gave a thought to what might happen in futurity. It might occasionally have obtruded itself on my mind, but was quickly dismissed: I had adopted the atheistical creed of the French Revolution.

"Death is eternal sleep, and the sooner I go to sleep the better!" thought I. The only point that pressed itself on my mind was, the dread of a public execution. This my pride revolted at; for pride had again returned, and resumed its empire, even in my *cachot*.

As the day dawned, the noise of the carts and

country people coming into the square with their produce, roused me from my reverie, for I had not slept. The prison was surrounded by all ages and all classes, to get a sight of the English murderer; and the light and the air were stopped out of each window by human faces pressed against the bars. I was gazed at as a wild beast; and the children, as they sat on their mothers' shoulders to look at me, received a moral lesson and a warning at my expense.

As a tiger, in his cage, wearies the eye by incessantly walking and turning, so I paced my den; and if I could have reached one of the impertinent gazers, through the slanting aperture and three foot wall, I should have throttled him. "All these people," said I, "and thousands more, will witness my last moments on the scaffold!"

Stung with this dreadful thought, with rage I searched in my pockets for my penknife, to relieve me at once from my torments and appre-

hensions; and had I found it, I should certainly have committed suicide. Fortunately I had left it at home, or it would have been buried, in that moment of frenzy, in the carotid artery; for as well as others, I knew exactly where to find it.

The crowd at length began to disperse; the windows were left, except now and then an urchin of a boy shewed his ragged head at the grille. Worn out with bodily fatigue and mental suffering, I was going to throw myself along upon the cold stones, when I saw the face of my own servant, who advanced in haste to the window of the prison, exclaiming with joy—

"*Courage, mon cher maître; Monsieur Talbot n'est pas mort.*"

"Not dead!" exclaimed I, (falling unconsciously on my knees, and lifting up my clasped hands and haggard eyes to Heaven): "not dead! God be praised. At least there is a hope that I may escape the crime of murder."

Before I could say more, the mayor entered my *cachot* with the officers of the police, and informed me that a *procès-verbal* had been held; that my friend had been able to give the clearest answers to all their questions; and that it appeared from the evidence of *Monsieur Talbot* himself, that it was an affair *d'honneur*, fairly decided; that the brace of pistols found in the water had confirmed his assertions: "And therefore, *Monsieur*," continued the mayor, "whether your friend lives or dies, *tout a été fait en règle, et vous êtes libre*."

So saying, he bowed very politely, and pointed to the door; nor was I so ceremonious as to beg him to shew me the way; out I ran, and flew to the apartment of Talbot, who had sent my servant to say how much he wished to see me. I found him in bed. As I entered, he held out his hand to me, which I covered with kisses, and bathed with my tears.

"Oh, Talbot!" said I, "can you forgive me?"

He squeezed my hand, and from exhaustion let it fall. The surgeon led me out of the room, saying, "All depends on his being kept quiet." I then learned that he owed his life to two circumstances—the first was, my having bound my neckcloth round the wound; the other was, that the duel took place below high-water mark. The tide was rising when I left him; and the cold waves, as they rippled against his body, had restored him to animation. In this state he was found by his servant, not many minutes before the flood would have covered him, for he had not strength to remove out of its way. I ascertained also that the ball had entered his liver, and had passed out without doing farther injury.

I now dressed myself, and devoutly thanking God for his miraculous preservation, took my seat by the bed-side of the patient, which I never quitted until his perfect recovery. When this was happily completed, I wrote to my father and to Clara, giving both an exact ac-

count of the whole transaction. Clara, undeceived, made no scruple of acknowledging her attachment. Talbot was requested by his father to return home. I accompanied him as far as Calais, where we parted; and in a few weeks after, I had the pleasure of hearing that my sister had become his wife.

Left to myself, I returned slowly, and much depressed in spirits, to Quillac's; where, ordering post-horses, I threw myself into my travelling carriage, into which my valet had, by my orders, previously placed my luggage.

"Where are you going to, Monsieur?" said the valet.

"*Au diable!*" said I.

"*Mais les passeports?*" said the man.

I felt that I had sufficient passports for the journey I had proposed; but correcting myself, said, "to Switzerland." It was the first name that came into my head; and I had heard that it was the resort of all my countrymen whose heads, hearts, lungs, or finances were disor-

dered. But, during my journey, I neither saw nor heard any thing, consequently took no notes, which my readers will rejoice at, because they will be spared that inexhaustible supply to the trunk makers, "A Tour through France and Switzerland." I travelled night and day; for I could not sleep. The allegory of Io and the gad-fly, in the heathen mythology, must surely have been intended to represent the being, who, like myself, was tormented by a bad conscience. Like Io, I flew; and like her, was I pursued by the eternal gad-fly, wherever I went, and in vain did I try to escape it.

I passed the Great St. Bernard on foot. This interested me as I approached it. The mountains below, and the Alps above, were one mass of snow and ice, and I looked down with contempt on the world below me. I took up my abode in the convent for some time; my ample contributions to the box in the chapel, made me a welcome sojourner beyond the limited period

allowed to travellers, and I felt less and less inclined to quit the scene. My amusement was climbing the most frightful precipices, followed by the large and faithful dogs, and viewing nature in her wildest and most sublime attire. At other times, when bodily fatigue required rest, I sat down, with morbid melancholy, in the receptacle for the bodies of those unfortunate persons who had perished in the snow. There would I remain for hours, musing on their fate: the purity of the air admitted neither putrefaction, or even decay, for a very considerable time; and they lay, to all appearance, as if the breath had even then only quitted them, although, on touching those who had been there for years, they would often crumble into dust.

Roman Catholics, we know, are ever anxious to make converts. The prior asked me whether I was not a protestant? I replied, that I was of no religion; which answer was, I believe, much nearer to the truth than any other I could have given. The reply was far more

favourable to the hopes of the monks, than if I had said I was a heretic or a moslem. They thought me much more likely to become a convert to *their* religion, since I had none of my own to oppose to it. The monks immediately arranged themselves in theological order, with the whole armour of faith, and laid constant siege to me on all sides; but I was not inclined to any religion, much less to the one I despised. I would sooner have turned Turk.

I received a letter from poor unhappy Eugenia—it was the last she ever wrote. It was to acquaint me with the death of her lovely boy, who, having wandered from the house, had fallen into a trout-stream, where he was found drowned some hours after. In her distracted state of mind, she could add no more than her blessing, and a firm conviction that we should never meet again in this world. Her letter concluded incoherently; and although I should have said, in the morning, that my mind had not room for another sorrow, yet the loss of this

sweet boy, and the state of his wretched mother, found a place in my bosom for a time, to the total exclusion of all other cares. She requested me to hasten to her without delay, if I wished to see her before she died.

I took leave of the monks, and travelled with all speed to Paris, and thence to Calais. Reaching Quillac's hotel, I received a shock which, although I apprehended danger, I was not prepared for. It was a letter from Eugenia's agent, announcing her death. She had been seized with a brain fever, and had died at a small town in Norfolk, where she had removed soon after our last unhappy interview. The agent concluded his letter by saying, that Eugenia had bequeathed me all her property, which was very considerable, and that her last rational words to him were, that I was her first and her only love.

I was now callous to suffering. My feelings had been racked to insensibility. Like a ship in a hurricane, the last tremendous sea had swept

every thing from the decks—the vessel was a wreck, driving as the storm might chance to direct. In the midst of this devastation, I looked around me, and the only object which presented itself to my mind, as worthy of contemplation, was the tomb which contained the remains of Eugenia and her child. To that I resolved to repair.

CHAPTER X.

With sorrow and repentance true,
Father, I trembling come to you.

Song.

I ARRIVED at the town where poor Eugenia had breathed her last, and near to which was the cemetery in which her remains were deposited. I went to the inn, whence, after having dismissed my post-boy and ordered my luggage to be taken up to my room, I proceeded on foot towards the spot. I was informed that the path lay between the church and the bishop's palace. I soon reached it; and, inquiring for the sexton,

who lived in a cottage hard by, requested he would lead me to a certain grave, which I indicated by tokens too easily known.

"Oh, you mean the sweet young lady, as died of grief for the loss of her little boy. There it is," continued he, pointing with his finger; "the white peacock is now sitting on the head-stone of the grave, and the little boy is buried beside it."

I approached, while the humble sexton kindly withdrew, that I might, without witnesses, indulge that grief which he saw was the burthen of my aching heart. The bird remained, but without dressing its plumage, without the usual air of surprise and vigilance evinced by domestic fowls, when disturbed in their haunts. This poor creature was moulting; its feathers were rumpled and disordered; its tail ragged. There was no beauty in the animal, which was probably only kept as a variety of the species; and it appeared to me as if it had been placed there as a lesson to myself. In its modest attire, in its

melancholy and pensive attitude, it seemed, with its gaudy plumage, to have dismissed the world and its vanities, while in mournful silence it surveyed the crowded mementos of eternity.

"This is my office, not thine," said I, apostrophizing the bird, which, alarmed at my near approach, quitted its position, and disappeared among the surrounding tombs. I sat down, and fixing my eyes on the name which the tablet bore, ran over, in a hurried manner, all that part of my career which had been more immediately connected with the history of Eugenia. I remembered her many virtues; her self-devotion for my honour and happiness; her concealing herself from me, that I might not blast my prospects in life by continuing an intimacy which she saw would end in my ruin; her firmness of character, her disinterested generosity, and the refinement of attachment which made her prefer misery and solitude to her own gratification in the society of the man she loved. She had, alas! but one fault, and that fault

was loving me. I could not drive from my thoughts, that it was through my unfortunate and illicit connexion with her that I had lost all that made life dear to me.

At this moment (and not once since the morning I awoke from it) my singular dream recurred to my mind. The thoughts which never had once during my eventful voyage from the Bahamas to the Cape, and thence to England, presented themselves in my waking hours, must certainly have possessed my brain during sleep. Why else should it never have occurred to my rational mind that the connexion with Eugenia would certainly endanger that intended with Emily? It was Eugenia that placed Emily in mourning, out of my reach, and, as it were, on the top of the Nine-pin Rock.

Here, then, my dream was explained; and I now felt all the horrors of that reality which I thought at the time was no more than the effect of a disordered imagination. Yet I could not blame Eugenia; the poor girl had fallen a vic-

tim to that deplorable and sensual education which I had received in the cockpit of a man-of-war. I, I alone was the culprit. She was friendless, and without a parent to guide her youthful steps; she fell a victim to my ungoverned passions. Maddened with anguish of head and heart, I threw myself violently on the grave: I beat my miserable head against the tombstones; I called with frantic exclamation on the name of Eugenia; and at length sunk on the turf, between the two graves, in a state of stupor and exhaustion, from which a copious flood of tears in some measure relieved me.

I was aroused by the sound of wheels and the trampling of horses; and, looking up, I perceived the bishop's carriage and four, with out-riders, pass by. The livery and colour of the carriage were certainly what is denominated quiet; but there was an appearance of state which indicated that the owner had not entirely "renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," and my spleen was excited.

"Ay, sweep along," I bitterly muttered, "worthy type indeed of the apostles! I like the pride that apes humility. Is that the way you teach your flock to 'leave all, and follow me?'" I started up suddenly, saying to myself, "I will seek this man in his palace, and see whether I shall be kindly received and consoled, or be repulsed by a menial."

The thought was sudden, and, being conceived almost in a state of frenzy, was instantly executed. "Let me try," said I, "whether a bishop can 'administer to the mind diseased' as well as a country curate?"

I moved on with rapidity to the palace, more in a fit of desperation than with a view of seeking peace of mind. I rang loudly and vehemently at the gate, and asked whether the bishop was at home. An elderly domestic, who seemed to regard me with astonishment, answered in the affirmative, and desired me to walk into an ante-room, while he announced me to his master.

I now began to recal my scattered senses, which had been wandering, and to perceive the absurdity of my conduct; I was therefore about to quit the palace, into which I had so rudely intruded, without waiting for my audience, when the servant opened the door and requested me to follow him.

By what inscrutable means are the designs of Providence brought about! While I thought I was blindly following the impulse of passion, I was, in fact, guided by unerring Wisdom. A prey to desperate and irritated feelings, I anticipated, with malignant pleasure, that I should detect hypocrisy—that one who ought to set an example, should be weighed by me, and found wanting; instead of which I stumbled on my own salvation! Where I expected to meet with pride and scorn, I met with humility and kindness. When I had looked around on the great circle bounded by the visible horizon, and could perceive no friendly port in which I

might lay my shattered vessel, behold it was close at hand!

I followed the servant with a kind of stupid indifference, and was ushered into the presence of a benevolent-looking old man, between sixty and seventy years of age. His whole external appearance, as well as his white hairs, commanded respect amounting almost to admiration. I was not prepared to speak, which he perceived, and kindly began.

"As you are a stranger to me, I fear, from your care-worn countenance, that it is no common occurrence which has brought you here. Sit down: you seem in distress; and if it is in my power to afford you relief, you may be assured that I will do so."

There was in his manner and address an affectionate kindness which overcame me. I could neither speak nor look at him; but, laying my head on the table, and hiding my face with my hands, I wept bitterly. The good bishop allowed me reasonable time to recover

myself, and, with extreme good breeding, mildly requested that, if it were possible, I would confide to him the cause of my affliction.

"Be not afraid or ashamed, my good lad," said he, "to tell me your sorrows. If we have temporal blessings, we do not forget that we are but the almoners of the Lord: we endeavour to follow his example; but, if I may judge from appearance, it is not pecuniary aid you have come to solicit."

"No, no," replied I; "it is not money that I want:" but, choked with excess of feeling, I could say no more.

"This is indeed a more important case than one of mere bodily want," said the good man. "*That* we might very soon supply; but there seems something in your condition which requires our more serious attention. I thank the Almighty for selecting me to this service; and, with his blessing, we shall not fail of success."

Then, going to the door, he called to a young lady, who I afterwards found was his daughter; and, holding the door a-jar as he spoke, that I might not be seen in my distress, said, "Caroline, my dear, write to the duke, and beg him to excuse my dining with him to-day. Tell him that I am kept at home by business of importance; and give orders that I be not interrupted on any account."

He then turned the key in the door; and, drawing a chair close to mine, begged me, in the most persuasive manner, to tell him every thing without reserve, in order that he might apply such a remedy as the case seemed to demand.

I first asked for a glass of wine, which was instantly brought; he received it at the door, and gave it to me with his own hand.

Having drank it, I commenced the history of my life in a brief outline, and ultimately told him all; nearly as much in detail as I have related it to the reader. He listened to me with

an intense and painful interest, questioning me as to my feelings on many important occasions; and having at length obtained from me an honest and candid confession, without any extenuation,

"My young friend," said he, "your life has been one of peculiar temptation and excess. Much to deplore, much to blame, and much to repent of; but the state of feeling which induced you to come to me, is a proof that you now only require that which, with God's help, I trust I shall be able to supply. It is now late, and we both of us require some refreshment. I will order in dinner, and you must send to the inn for your portmanteau."

Perceiving that I was about to answer, "I must take no denial," resumed he. "You have placed yourself under my care, as your physician, and you must follow my prescriptions. My duty is as much more important, compared to the doctor's, as the soul is to the body."

Dinner being served, he dismissed the servants

as soon as possible, and then asked me many questions relative to my family, all of which I answered without reserve. He once mentioned Miss Somerville; but I was so overcome, that he perceived my distress, and, filling me a glass of wine, changed the subject.

If I thought that any words of mine could do justice to the persuasive discourses of this worthy bishop, I would have benefitted the world by making them public; but I could not do this; and I trust that none of my readers will have so much need of them as I had myself. I shall, therefore, briefly state, that I remained in the palace ten days, in the most perfect seclusion.

Every morning the good bishop dedicated two or three hours to my instruction and improvement; he put into my hands one or two books at a time, with marks in them, indicating the pages which I ought to consult. He would have introduced me to his family; but this I begged, for a time, to decline, being too much depressed and out of spirits; and he indulged me

in my request of being allowed to continue in the apartments allotted to me.

On the seventh morning, he came to me, and after a short conversation, informed me that business would require his absence for two or three days, and that he would give me a task to employ me during the short time he should be gone. He then put into my hand a work on the sacrament. "This," said he, "I am sure you will read with particular attention, so that on my return I may invite you to the feast." I trembled as I opened the book. "Fear not, Mr. Mildmay," said he; "I tell you, from what I see of your symptoms, that the cure will be complete."

Having said this, he gave me his blessing, and departed. He returned exactly at the end of three days, and after a short examination, said he would allow me to receive the sacrament, and that the holy ceremony should take place in his own room privately, well knowing how much affected I should be. He brought in the

bread and wine; and having consecrated and partaken of them himself, agreeably to the forms prescribed, he made a short extempore prayer in my behalf.

When he had done this, he advanced towards me, and presented the bread. My blood curdled as I took it in my mouth; and when I had tasted the wine, the type of the blood of that Saviour, whose wounds I had so often opened afresh in my guilty career, and yet upon the merits of which I now relied for pardon, I felt a combined sensation of love, gratitude, and joy—a lightness and buoyancy of spirits, as if I could have left the earth below me, disburthened of a weight that had, till then, crushed me to the ground. I felt that I had faith—that I was a new man—and that my sins were forgiven; and, dropping my head on the side of the table, I remained some minutes in grateful and fervent prayer.

The service being ended, I hastened to ex-

press my acknowledgments to my venerable friend.

"I am but the humble instrument, my dear young friend," said the bishop; "let us both give thanks to the almighty Searcher of hearts. Let us hope that the work is perfect—for then, you will be the occasion of 'joy in heaven.' And now," continued he, "let me ask you one question. Do you feel in that state of mind that you could bear any affliction which might befal you, without repining?"

"I trust, Sir," answered I, "that I could bear it, not only cheerfully, but thankfully; and I now acknowledge, that it is good for me that I have been in trouble."

"Then all is right," said he; "and with such feelings I may venture to give you this letter, which I promised the writer to deliver with my own hand."

As soon as my eye caught the superscription, "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed I; "it is from my Emily."

"Even so," said the bishop.

I tore it open. It contained only six lines, which were as follows:—

"Our mutual kind friend, the bishop, has proved to me how proud and how foolish I have been. Forgive me, dear Frank, for I too have suffered much; and come as soon as possible to your ever affectionate

"EMILY."

This, then, was the object of the venerable bishop's absence. Bending beneath age and infirmity, he had undertaken a journey of three hundred miles, in order to ensure the temporal as well as eternal welfare of a perfect stranger—to effect a reconciliation, without which he saw that my worldly happiness was incomplete. I was afterwards informed, that notwithstanding the weight of his character and holy office, he had found Emily more decided in her rejection than he had anticipated; and it was not until he

had sharply rebuked her for her pride and unforgiving temper, that she could be brought to listen with patience to his arguments. But having at length convinced her that the tenure of her own hopes depended on her forgiveness of others, she relented, acknowledged the truth of his remarks, and her undiminished affection for me. While she made this confession, she was in the same position before the bishop, that I was when I received her letter—on my knees, and in tears.

He gave me his hand, raised me up, "And now, my young friend," said he, "let me give you one caution. I hope and I trust that your repentance is sincere. If it be not, the guilt must rest on your head; but I trust in God that all is as it should be. I will not, therefore, detain you any longer: you must be impatient to be gone. Refreshment is prepared for you: my horses will take you the first stage. Have you funds sufficient to carry you through? for

it is a long journey, as my old bones can testify."

I assured him that I was sufficiently provided; and, expressing my thanks for his kindness, wished that it was in my power to prove my gratitude. "Put me to the test, my lord," said I, "if you possibly can."

"Well, then," replied he, "I will: when the day for your union with Miss Somerville is fixed, allow me to have the pleasure of joining your hands, should it please God to spare me so long. I have removed the disease; but I must trust to somebody else to watch and prevent a relapse. And believe me, my dear friend, however well-inclined a man may be to keep in the straight path, he gains no little support from the guidance and example of a lovely and virtuous woman."

I promised readily all he asked; and having finished a slight lunch, again shook hands with the worthy prelate, jumped into my carriage, and drove off. I travelled all night; and the

next day was in the society of those I loved, and who had ever loved me, in spite of all my perverseness and folly.

A few weeks after, Emily and I were united by the venerable bishop, who, with much emotion, gave us his benediction; and as the prayer of the righteous man availeth much, I felt that it was recorded in our favour in Heaven. Mr. Somerville gave the bride away. My father, with Talbot and Clara, were present; and the whole of us, after all my strange vicissitudes, were deeply affected at this reconciliation and union.

THE END.

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